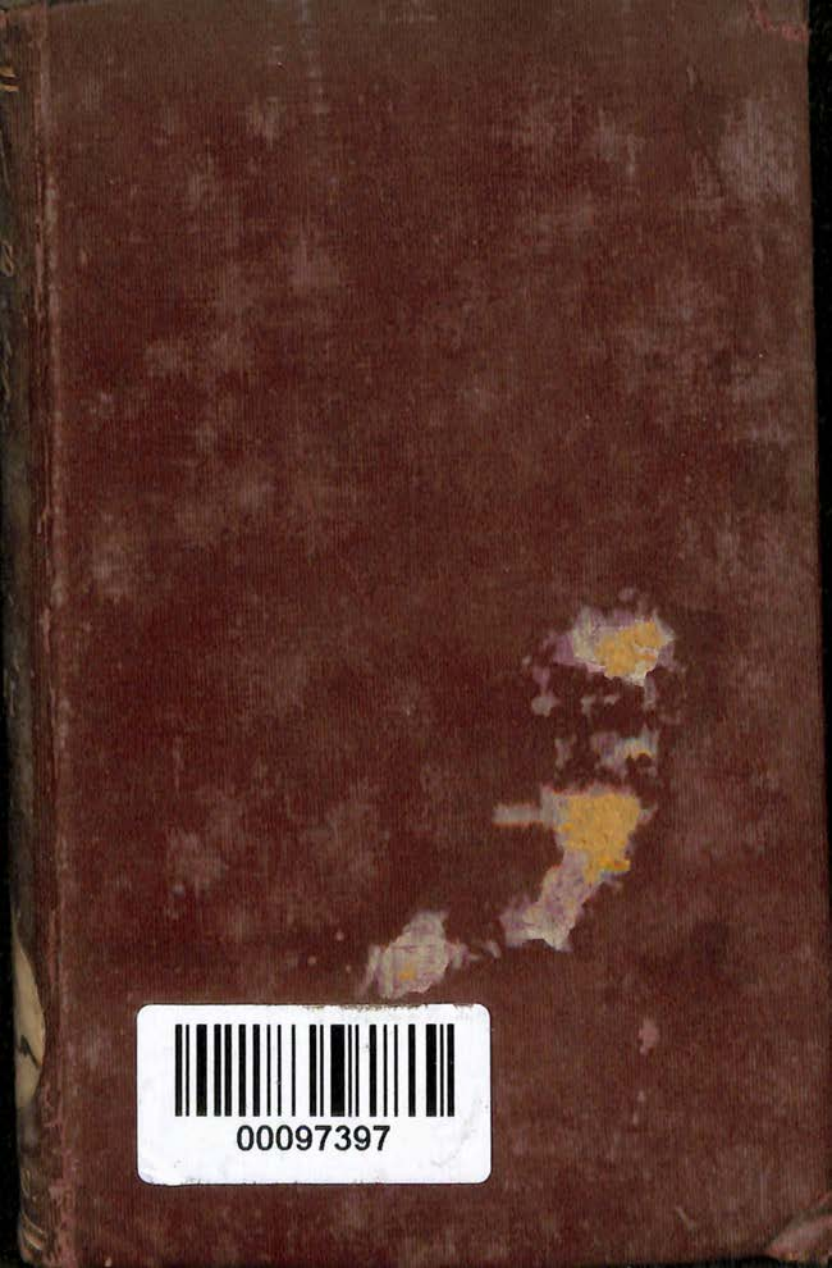
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QUARRELS

OF

AUTHORS;

OR,

SOME MEMOIRS FOR OUR LITERARY HISTORY,

INCLUDING

Specimens of Controversy

TO THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

176.
97397

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

The use and end of this Work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning, but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make *learned men wise in the use and administration of learning.*

Lord Bacon, of Learning.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

Page

HOBBES AND HIS QUARRELS; INCLUDING AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS CHARACTER..... 3

HOBBES'S QUARRELS WITH DR. WALLIS, THE MATHEMATICIAN 89

JONSON AND DECKER 123

CAMDEN AND BROOKE 171

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE 203

APPENDIX — LITERARY QUARRELS FROM PERSONAL MOTIVES..... 285

HOBBES

AND HIS QUARRELS;

INCLUDING

AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS CHARACTER.

HOBBES

AND HIS QUARRELS;

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AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS CHARACTER.

Why HOBBES *disguised his sentiments — why his Philosophy degraded him — of the Sect of the* HOBBISTS *— his* LEVIATHAN; *its principles adapted to existing circumstances — the Author's difficulties on its first appearance — the System originated in his fears, and was a contrivance to secure the peace of the Nation — its duplicity and studied ambiguity illustrated by many facts — He is the advocate of the National Religion — accused of Atheism —* HOBBES'S *Religion — his temper too often tried — attacked by opposite parties — Bishop* FELL'S *ungenerous conduct — makes* HOBBES *regret that Juries do not consider the quarrels of Authors of any moment — the mysterious panic which accompanied him through life*

— its probable cause — he pretends to recant his opinions — he is speculatively bold, and practically timorous — an extravagant specimen of the Anti-social Philosophy — The SELFISM *of* HOBBES *— his high sense of his Works, in regard to Foreigners and Posterity — his monstrous egotism — his devotion to his literary pursuits — the despotic principle of the* LEVIATHAN *of an innocent tendency — the fate of Systems of Opinions.*

THE history of the Philosopher of Malmesbury exhibits a large picture of Literary Controversy, where we may observe how a persecuting spirit in the times drives the greatest men to take refuge in the meanest arts of subterfuge. Compelled, indeed, to disguise their sentiments, they will not however suppress them; and hence, all their ambiguous proceedings; all that Ridicule, and Irony, and even Recantation, with which ingenious minds, when forced to, have never failed to try

the patience, or the sagacity, of Intolerance [A].

[A] SHAFTESBURY has thrown out, on this head, some important truths.—"If men are forbid to speak their minds *seriously*, they will do it *ironically*. If they find it dangerous to do so, they will then redouble their disguise, *involve themselves into mysteriousness*, and talk so as hardly to be understood.—The *persecuting* spirit has raised the *bantering* one. The higher the slavery, the more exquisite the buffoonery." Vol. i. p. 71.—The subject of our present enquiry is a very remarkable instance of "involving himself into mysteriousness." To this cause we owe the strong raillery of MARVELL; the cloudy "oracles of Reason" of BLOUNT; and the formidable, though gross burlesque, of HICKERINGILL, the Rector of All-Saints, in Colchester. "Of him (says the Editor of his Collected Works, 1716), the greatest writers of our times trembled at his pen; and as great a genius as Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE's was, it submitted to his *superior way of reasoning*"—that is, to a most extraordinary burlesque spirit, in Politics and Religion. But even he who made others tremble, felt

The character of HOBBES will however serve a higher moral design. The force of his intellect, the originality of his views,

the terrors he inflicted; for he complains that "some, who have thought his pen too sharp and smart; those who have been galled, sore men where the skin is off, have long lain to catch for somewhat to accuse me — upon such touchy subjects, a man had need have the *dexterity to split a hair*, to handle them pertinently, usefully, and yet *safely* and *warily*." — Such men, however, cannot avoid their fate: they will be persecuted, however they succeed in "splitting a hair;" and it is then they have recourse to the most absurd *subterfuges*, as our HOBBES was compelled to. Thus, also, it happened to WOOLSTON, who wrote in a ludicrous way, "Blasphemies" against the Miracles of Christ; calling them "Tales and Rodomontados." He rested his defence on this subterfuge; that "it was meant to place the Christian Religion on a better footing," &c. But the Court answered that "if the author of a treasonable libel should write at the conclusion, *God save the King!* it would not excuse him."

and the keenest sagacity of observation, place him in the first order of minds; but he has mortified, and then degraded man into a mere selfish animal. From a cause we shall discover, he never looked on Human Nature but in terror, or in contempt. The inevitable consequence of that mode of thinking, or that system of Philosophy, is to make the Philosopher the abject creature he has himself imagined; and it is then he libels the species, from his own individual experience. [B]—

[B] The moral axiom of Solon, KNOW THYSELF *(Nosce teipsum)*, applied by the ancient Sage as a corrective for our own pride and vanity, HOBBES contracts into a narrow principle, when, in his Introduction to "The Leviathan," he would infer, that by this self-inspection, we are enabled to determine on the thoughts and passions of other men; and thus, he would make the taste, the feelings, the experience of the individual, decide for all mankind.

More generous tempers, men endowed with warmer imaginations, awake to sympa-

This simple error has produced all the dogmas of Cynicism; for the Cynic is one whose insulated feelings, being all of the selfish kind, can imagine no other stirrers of even our best affections, and strains even our loftiest virtues into pitiful motives. Two noble Authors, men of the most dignified feelings, have protested against this principle. Lord SHAFTESBURY keenly touches the characters of HOBBES and ROCHESTER. — "Sudden courage, says our modern Philosopher (Hobbes), is anger. If so, Courage, considered as constant, and belonging to a character, must, in his account, be defined constant anger, or anger constantly recurring. All men, says a witty poet (Rochester), would be cowards, if they durst: That the Poet and the Philosopher both were cowards, may be yielded, perhaps, without dispute! they may have spoken the best of their knowledge."

SHAFTESBURY, vol. i. 119.

With an heroic spirit, that virtuous Statesman, Lord CLARENDON, rejects the degrading notion of HOBBES.

thies of a higher nature, will indignantly reject the system, which has reduced the unlucky system-maker himself to such a pitiable condition.

HOBBES was one of those original Thinkers who create a new æra in the philosophical history of their nation, and per-

When *he* looked into his own breast, he found that courage was a real virtue, which had induced him, had it been necessary, to have shed his blood as a patriot. But death, in the judgment of HOBBES, was the most terrible event, and to be avoided by any means. Lord CLARENDON draws a parallel between "a man of courage" and one of the disciples of HOBBES, "brought to die together, by a judgment they cannot avoid."—"How comes it to pass, that one of these undergoes death, with no other concernment, than as if he were going any other journey; and the other with such confusion and trembling, that he is even without life before he dies; if it were true, that all men fear alike upon the like occasion?" *Survey of the Leviathan*, p. 14.

petuate their name, by leaving it to a Sect [c].

[c] They were distinguished as *Hobbists*, and the opinions as *Hobbianism*. Their Chief happened to be born on a Good Friday; and in the metrical history of his own life, he seems to have considered it as a remarkable event. An atom had its weight in the scales by which his mighty egotism weighed itself. He thus marks the day of his birth, innocently enough:—

Natus erat noster Servator Homo-Deus annos
Mille et quingentos, octo quoque undecies.

But the *Hobbists* declared more openly (as Wood tells us) that "as our Saviour Christ went out of the world on that day, to save the men of the world; so another saviour came into the world on that day, to save them!"

That the Sect spread abroad, as well as at home, is told us by Lord Clarendon, in the Preface to his "Survey of the Leviathan." The qualities of the Author, as well as the Book, were well adapted for Proselytism; for Clarendon, who was intimately

The eloquent and thinking Madame DE STAEL has asserted, that "HOBBES was an

acquainted with him, notices his "confidence in conversation — his never allowing himself to be contradicted — his bold inferences — the novelty of his expressions — and his probity, and a life free from scandal. "The humour and inclination of the time to all kind of paradoxes," was indulged by a pleasant clear style, an appearance of order and method, hardy paradoxes, and accommodating principles to existing circumstances.

Who were the Sect composed of? The monstrous Court of Charles II.—the grossest Materialists! The secret history of that Court could scarcely find a Suetonius among us. But our author was frequently in the hands of those who could never have comprehended what they pretended to admire; this appears by a publication of the times, intituled, "Twelve ingenious Characters, &c. 1686," where, in that of a Town-fop, who, "for genteel breeding, posts to town, by his mother's indulgence, where three or four wild companions, half a dozen bottles

Atheist and a *Slave.*" Yet I still think that HOBBES believed, and proved, the

of Burgundy, *two leaves of Leviathan,*" and some few other obvious matters, shortly make this young Philosopher nearly lose his moral and physical existence. " He will not confess himself an Atheist, yet he boasts aloud that he holds his *gospel* from *the Apostle of Malmesbury,* though it is more than probable he never read, at least understood, ten leaves of *that unlucky author.*" If such were his wretched disciples, HOBBES was indeed " an unlucky author," whose morals and habits were quite opposite to those of their master. EACHARD, in the Preface to his Second Dialogue, 1673, exhibits a very Lucianic arrangement of his disciples — HOBBES's " Pit, Box, and Gallery friends." The *Pit-friends* were sturdy practicants, who, when they hear that " Ill-nature, Debauchery, and Irreligion, were Mathematics and Demonstration, clap and shout, and swear all that comes from Malmesbury." The *Gallery* are " a sort of small, soft, little, pretty, fine gentlemen, who having some little wit, some little modesty, some

necessary existence of a Deity, and that he loved Freedom, as every Sage desires it. It is now time to oppose an apology

little remain of conscience and country religion, could not hector it as the former, but quickly learnt to chirp and giggle when t'other clapt and shouted." But "the Don-admirers and *Box-friends* of Mr. Hobbes are men of gravity and reputation, who will scarce simper in favour of the Philosopher, but can make shift to nod and nod again." Even amidst this wild satire, we find a piece of truth in a dark corner; for the Satirist confesses, that "his Gallery-friends, who were such resolved practicants in *Hobbianism* (by which the Satirist means all kinds of licentiousness) would most certainly have been so, had there never been any such man as Mr. Hobbes in the world." Why then place to the account of the Philosopher those gross immoralities which he never sanctioned? The life of HOBBES is without a stain! He had other friends besides these "Box, Pit, and Gallery" gentry — the learned of Europe, and many of the great and good men of his own country.

for one of those great men, who are the contemporaries of all ages; and, by fervent inquiry, to dissipate that traditional cloud which hangs over one of "those monuments of the mind" which Genius has built with imperishable materials.

The author of the far-famed "Leviathan" is considered as a vehement advocate for absolute monarchy. This singular production may, however, be equally adapted for a Republic; and, the monstrous principle may be so innocent in its nature, even for our own Constitution, which is neither [D].

[D] HOBBES, in defending Thucydides, whom he has so admirably translated, from the charge of some obscurity in his design, observes that "Marcellinus saith he was obscure, on purpose that the common people might not understand him; and not unlikely, for a wise man should so write (though in words understood by all men) that wise men only should be

As "The Leviathan" produced the numerous controversies of HOBBES, a history of this great moral curiosity enters into our subject.

HOBBES living in times of anarchy, perceived the necessity of re-establishing authority in more than its usual force. But how to melt together the divided opinions of men, and where in the State to place this *arbitrary power*; for a remedy of less force he could not discover for that disordered state of society which he had witnessed. Was the Sovereign or the People to be invested with that mighty power which was to keep every other still?

able to commend him." Thus early in life HOBBES had determined in pursuing a principle which produced all his studied ambiguity, involved him in so much controversy, and, in some respects, preserved him in an inglorious security.

— a topic discussed for ages, and still, as the humours of men incline, to be so — was, I believe, a matter perfectly indifferent to our Philosopher, provided that whatever might be the government, absolute power could somewhere be lodged in it, to force men to act in strict conformity. It happened that our cynical HOBBES had no respect for his species; and this sovereign remedy of arbitrary power was always unworthy of a great spirit to endure, though convenient for a timid one, like his own. HOBBES, considering men merely as animals of prey, living in a state of perpetual hostility, had for his solitary principle of action, Self-preservation at any price.

He conjured up a political phantom, in a favourite and fanciful notion, that haunted him through life. He imagined that the *many* might be more easily ma-

naged by making them up into an artificial *One*, and calling this wonderful political unity the *Commonwealth*, or the *Civil Power*, or the *Sovereign*, or by whatever name was found most pleasing, he personified it by the image of "Leviathan [E]."

[E] HOBBES explains the image in his Introduction. He does not disguise his opinion that *Men* may be converted into *Automatons;* and if he were not very ingenious, we might lose our patience. He was so delighted with this whimsical fancy of his "artificial man," that he carried it on to Government itself, and employed the engraver to impress the monstrous personification on our minds, even clearer than by his reasonings. The curious design forms the frontispiece of "The Leviathan." He borrowed the name from that sea-monster, that mightiest of powers, which Job has told us is not to be compared with any on earth. The sea-monster is here, however, changed into a colossal man, entirely made up of little men from all the classes of

At first sight the ideal Monster might pass for an innocent conceit; and there

society, bearing in the right hand the sword, and in the left the crosier. The compartments are full of political allegories. An expression of Lord CLARENDON's in the Preface to his "Survey of the Leviathan," shews our Philosopher's infatuation to this "idol of the mind," as Lord BACON calls the intellectual illusions of the greatest. HOBBES, when at Paris, shewed a proof sheet or two of his work to CLARENDON, who, he soon discovered, could not approve of the hardy tenets. "He frequently came to me," says his Lordship, "and told me, his book, *(which he would call* LEVIATHAN) was then printing in England. He said, that he knew when I read his book I would not like it, and mentioned some of his conclusions: upon which I asked him, why he would publish such doctrine; to which, after a discourse, *between jest and earnest,* he said, *The truth is, I have a mind to go home!*" Some philosophical systems have, probably, been raised "between jest and earnest;" yet here was a text-book for the

appears even consummate wisdom, in erecting a colossal power for our common security. But, terrified by his fears, and desirous only of permanent tranquillity, he assumed, that *Authority* was to be supported up to its extreme pitch. *Force* with him appears to have constituted *right*, and *unconditional submission* then became a *duty*: these were consequences quite natural in one who had at his first step degraded man by comparing him to a watch, and who would not have him go but with the same nicety of motions, and be wound up by the great key.

To be secure, by this system of HOBBES, we must at least lose the glory of our ex-

despot, as it is usually accepted, deliberately given to the world, for no other purpose than that the Philosopher was desirous of changing his lodgings at Paris for a new set of apartments in London!

istence as intellectual beings. He would persuade us into the dead quietness of a Commonwealth of Puppets, while he was consigning into the grasp of his "Leviathan," or Sovereign Power, the wire that was to communicate a mockery of vital motion — a principle of action *without* freedom. The system was equally desirable to the Protector Cromwell as to the regal Charles. A conspiracy against mankind could not alarm their governors: it is not therefore surprising that the Usurper offered him the place of Secretary of State; and that he was afterwards pensioned by the Monarch. A philosophical system, moral or political, is often nothing more than a temporary expedient to turn aside the madness of the times by substituting what offers an appearance of relief; nor is it a little influenced by the immediate convenience of the Phi-

losopher himself; his personal character enters a good deal into the system.

Yet the object of HOBBES in his "Leviathan" was always ambiguous, because it was, in truth, a system of expediency, conveniently adapted to what has been termed of late "existing circumstances." His sole aim was to keep all things in peace, by creating one mightiest power in the state, to suppress instantly all other powers that might rise in insurrection. In his times, the establishment of Despotism was the only political restraint he could discover of sufficient force to chain man down, amidst the turbulence of society; but this concealed end he is perpetually shifting and disguising; for the truth is, no man loved slavery less [F].

[F] The duplicity of the system is strikingly revealed by BURNET, who tells of HOBBES, that "he

The system of HOBBES could not be limited to his politics: he knew that the

put all the law in the will of the *Prince* or the *People*; for he writ his book *at first* in favour of *absolute Monarchy*, but turned it afterwards to gratify the *Republican Party*. These were his true principles, though he had disguised them for deceiving unwary readers." It is certain HOBBES became a suspected person among the Royalists. They were startled at the open extravagance of some of his political paradoxes; such as his notion of the necessity of extirpating all the *Greek* and *Latin* authors, "by reading of which, men from their childhood have gotten a habit of licentious controuling the actions of their Sovereigns," p. 111. But the doctrines of Liberty were not found only among the Greeks and Romans; the *Hebrews* were stern Republicans; and Liberty seems to have had a nobler birth in the North among our German ancestors, than perhaps in any other parts of the globe. It is certain that the Puritans, who warmed over the Bible more than the Classic historians, had their heads full

safety of the people's morals required an *Established Religion*. The alliance be-

of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; the hanging of the five kings of Joshua; and the fat king of the Moabites, who in his summer-room received a present, and then a dagger, from the left-handed Jewish Jacobin. HOBBES curiously compares "The *Tyrannophobia*, or fear of being strongly governed," to the *Hydrophobia*. "When a monarchy is once bitten to the quick by those democratical writers, and by their poison, men seem to be converted into dogs," his remedy is, "a strong monarch," or "the exercise of entire sovereignty," p. 171; and that the authority he would establish should be immutable, he hardily asserts, that "the ruling power cannot be punished for mal-administration." Yet in this elaborate system of Despotism are interspersed some strong republican axioms, as The safety of the people is the supreme law. — The public good to be preferred to that of the individual: — and that God made the one for the many, and not the many for the one. The effect the LEVIATHAN produced on

tween Church and State had been so violently shaken, that it was necessary to

the Royal party was quite unexpected by the author. His hardy principles were considered as a satire on arbitrary power, and HOBBES himself as a concealed favourer of Democracy. This has happened more than once with such vehement advocates. Our Philosopher must have been thunderstruck at the insinuation, for he had presented the Royal Exile, as CLARENDON, in his "Survey," informs us, with a magnificent copy of the "Leviathan," written on vellum; this beautiful specimen of Calligraphy may still be seen, as we learn from the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1813, where the curiosity is fully described. The suspicion of HOBBES's principles was so strong, that it produced his sudden dismissal from the presence of Charles II. when at Paris. The King, indeed, said he believed HOBBES intended him no hurt; and HOBBES said of the King, that "his Majesty understood his writings better than his accusers." However, happy was HOBBES to escape from France, where the officers were in pursuit of

cement them once more. As our Philosopher had been terrified in his politics by

him, amidst snowy roads and nipping blasts. The lines in his metrical life open a dismal winter scene for an old man on a stumbling horse:

" Frigus erat, nix alta, senex ego, ventus acerbus,
Vexat equus sternax, et salebrosa via —

A curious spectacle! to observe, under a despotic government, its vehement advocate in flight!

The ambiguity of the Leviathan seemed still more striking, when HOBBES came, at length, to place the right of government merely in what he terms " the Seat of Power"—a wonderful principle of expediency; for this was equally commodious to the Republicans and to the Royalists. By this principle, the Republicans maintained the right of Cromwell, since his authority was established, while it absolved the Royalists from their burthensome allegiance; for, according to the " Leviathan," Charles was the English Monarch only, when in a condition to force obedience; and, to calm tender consciences, the Philosopher further fixed on that precise point of

the view of its contending factions; so, in Religion, he experienced the same terror

time, "when a subject may obey an unjust Conqueror." After the Restoration, it was subtilly urged by the Hobbists, that this very principle had greatly served the Royal cause; for it afforded a plea for the Emigrants to return, by compounding for their estates, and joining with those Royalists who had remained at home in an open submission to the Established Government; and thus they were enabled to concert their measures in common, for reinstating the old Monarchy. Had the Restoration never taken place, HOBBES would have equally insisted on the soundness of his doctrine: he would have asserted the title of Richard Cromwell to the Protectorate, if Richard had had the means to support it, as zealously as he afterwards did that of Charles II. to the Throne, when the King had firmly re-established it, The Philosophy of HOBBES, therefore, is not dangerous in any government; its sole aim is to preserve it from intestine divisions; but for this purpose, he was for reducing Men to mere machines.

at the hereditary rancours of its multiplied Sects. He could devise no other means,

With such little respect he treated the species, and with such tenderness the individual!

I will give HOBBES's own justification, after the Restoration of Charles II. when accused by the great Mathematician, Dr. WALLIS, a republican under Cromwell, of having written his Work in defence of Oliver's Government. HOBBES does not deny that "he placed the right of Government wheresoever should be the strength." Most subtilly he argues, how this very principle "was designed in behalf of the faithful subjects of the King," after they had done their utmost to defend his rights and person. The Government of Cromwell being established, these found themselves without the protection of a Government of their own, and therefore might lawfully promise obedience, for the saving of their lives and fortunes, to their victors; and more, *ought even* to protect that authority in war, by which they were themselves protected in peace. But this plea, which he so ably urged in favour of the Royalists, will not,

than to attack the mysteries and dogmas of Theologians, those after-inventions and corruptions of Christianity, by which the artifices of their Chiefs had so long split them into perpetual factions [G]: he there-

however, justify those who, like WALLIS, voluntarily submitted to Cromwell, because they were always the enemies of the King; so that this submission to Oliver is allowed only to the Royalists — a most admirable political paradox! The whole of the argument is managed with infinite dexterity, and is thus unexpectedly turned against his accusers themselves. The principle of "self-preservation" is carried on throught he entire system of HOBBES. *Considerations upon the Reputation, Loyalty, &c. of Mr. Hobbes.*"

[G] The passage in HOBBES, to which I allude, is in "The Leviathan," c. 32. He there says, sarcastically, "It is with the *Mysteries of Religion*, as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure; but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." HOBBES is often a wit: he was much pleased with this thought,

fore asserted, that the Religion of the people ought to exist, in strict conformity to the will of the State [H].

for he had it in his *De Cive;* which, in the English translation, bears the title of "Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society, 1651." There he calls "the wholesome pills" "bitter." He translated the *De Cive* himself, a circumstance which was not known till the recent appearance of Aubrey's papers.

[H] WARBURTON has most acutely distinguished between the intention of HOBBES, and that of some of his successors. The Bishop does not consider HOBBES as an enemy to Religion, not even to the Christian: and even doubts whether he has attacked it in "The Leviathan." At all events, he has "taken direct contrary measures from those of Bayle, Collins, Tindal, Bolingbroke, and all that school. They maliciously endeavoured to shew, the Gospel was *unreasonable;* HOBBES, as reasonable as his admirable wit could represent it: they contended for the most unbounded *toleration,* HOBBES for the most

When HOBBES wrote against Mysteries, the mere Polemics sent forth a cry of his impiety; the Philosopher was branded with Atheism; — one of those artful calumnies, of which, after a man has washed himself clean, the stain will be found to have dyed the skin [1].

rigorous *conformity*." See the "Alliance between Church and State," Book i. c. v.—It is curious to observe the noble disciple of HOBBES, Lord BOLINGBROKE, a strenuous advocate for his political and moral opinions, enraged at what he calls his "High Church notions." TRENCHARD and GORDON, in their "Independent Whig," No. 44, that libel on the Clergy, accuse them of *Atheism* and *Hobbism*; while some Divines as earnestly reject HOBBES as an Atheist! Our temperate Sage, though angried at that spirit of contradiction which he had raised, must, however, have sometimes smiled both on his advocates and his adversaries!

[1] The odious term of *Atheist* has been too often

The result of my enquiries to me appears, that HOBBES, to put an end to

applied to many great men of our nation, by the hardy malignity of party. Were I to present a catalogue, the very names would refute the charge. Let us examine the religious sentiments of HOBBES. The materials for its investigation are not common, but it will prove a Dissertation of facts. I warn some of my Readers to escape from the tediousness, if they cannot value the curiosity.

HOBBES has himself thrown out an observation, in his Life of Thucydides, respecting Anaxagoras, that "his opinions, being of a strain above the apprehension of the vulgar, procured him the estimation of an *Atheist*, which name they bestowed upon all men, that thought not as they did, of their ridiculous religion, and in the end cost him his life." This was a parallel case with HOBBES himself, except its close; which, however, seems always to have been in the mind of our Philosopher.

BAYLE, who is for throwing all things into doubt, acknowledging that the life of HOBBES was blame-

these religious wars, which his age and Country had witnessed, perpetually kindled

less, adds, one might, however, have been tempted to ask him this question:

> Heus age responde; minimum est quod scire laboro;
> *De Jove quid sentis?* *Persius*, Sat. ii. v. 17.
>
> Hark, now! resolve this one short question, friend!
> *What are thy thoughts of Jove?*

But BAYLE, who compared himself to the Jupiter of Homer, powerful in gathering and then dispersing the clouds, dissipates the one he had just raised, by shewing how "Hobbes might have answered the question with sincerity and belief, *according to the Writers of his Life.*"—But had BAYLE known that HOBBES was the author of all the lives of himself, so partial an evidence might have raised another doubt with the great Sceptic. It appears, by Aubrey's papers, that HOBBES did not wish his biography should appear when he was living, that he might not seem the author of it.

by crazy Fanatics and intolerant Dogmatists, insisted that the *Crosier* should be carried in the *left* hand of his LEVIATHAN,

BAXTER, who knew HOBBES intimately, ranks him with SPINOSA, by a strong epithet for Materialists—"The *Brutists*, Hobbes, and Spinosa." He tells us, that SELDEN would not have him in his chamber while dying, calling out, "No Atheists!" But by Aubrey's Papers, it appears, that HOBBES stood by the side of his dying friend. It is certain his enemies raised stories against him, and told them as suited their purpose. In the Lansdown MSS. I find Dr. GRENVILLE, in a letter, relates how "HOBBES, when in France and like to die, betrayed such expressions of repentance to a great Prelate, from whose mouth I had this relation, that he admitted him to the Sacrament. But HOBBES afterwards made this a subject of ridicule in companies."—*Lansdown MSS.* 990—73.

Here is a strong accusation, and a fact too; yet, when fully developed, the result will turn out greatly in favour of HOBBES.

and the *Sword* in his right [K]. He testified, as strongly as man could, by his

[K] See page 39.

Hobbes had a severe illness at Paris, which lasted six months, thus noticed in his metrical life:

Dein per sex menses morbo decumbo, propinque
Accinctus morti; nec fugio, illa fugit.

It happened that the famous Guy Patin was his physician; and in one of those amusing letters, where he puts down the events of the day, like a newspaper of the times, in No. 61, has given an account of his intercourse with the Philosopher, in which he says that Hobbes endured such pain, that he would have destroyed himself — "*Qu'il avoit voulu se tuer.*" — Patin is a vivacious writer: we are not to take him *au pied de lettre.* Hobbes was systematically tenacious of life: and, so far from attempting suicide, that he wanted even the courage to allow Patin to bleed him! It was during this illness that the Catholic party, who like to attack a Protestant in a state of unresisting debility, got his learned and intimate friend, Father Mersenne, to

public actions, that he was a Christian of the Church of England, "as by Law esta-

hold out all the benefits a philosopher might derive from their Church. When HOBBES was acquainted with this proposed interview (says a French Contemporary, whose Work exists in MS. but is quoted in Joly's folio volume of Remarks on Bayle), the sick man answered, "Don't let him come for this; I shall laugh at him; and perhaps I may convert him myself." Father MERSENNE did come; and when this Missionary was opening on the powers of Rome, to grant a plenary pardon, he was interrupted by HOBBES — "Father, I have examined, a long time ago, all these points; I should be sorry to dispute now; you can entertain me in a more agreeable manner. When did you see Mr. Gassendi?"— The Monk, who was a philosopher, perfectly understood HOBBES, and this interview never interrupted their friendship. A few days after, Dr. COSIN (afterwards Bishop of Durham), the great prelate whom Dr. GRENVILLE alludes to, prayed with HOBBES, who first *stipulated* that the prayers should be those

blished," and therefore no enemy to the Episcopal Order. But he dreaded the en-

authorized by the *Church of England;* and he also received the Sacrament with reverence. HOBBES says: — "Magnum hoc erga disciplinam Episcopalem signum erat reverentiæ."— It is evident, that the conversion of Father MERSENNE, to which HOBBES facetiously alluded, could never be to Atheism, but to Protestantism; and had HOBBES been an Atheist, he would not have risked his safety, when he arrived in England, by his strict attendance to the *Church of England,* resolutely refusing to unite with any of the Sects. His views of the National Religion were not only enlightened, but, in this respect, he shewed a boldness in his actions, very unusual with him.

But the religion of HOBBES was "of a strain beyond the apprehension of the vulgar," and not very agreeable to some of the Church. A man may have peculiar notions respecting the Deity, and yet be far removed from Atheism; and in his political system, the Church may hold that subordinate place

croachments of the Churchmen in his Political System; that *Supremacy* at which some

which some Bishops will not choose. When Dr. GRENVILLE tells us "HOBBES ridiculed in companies" certain matters which the Doctor held sacred, this is not sufficient to accuse a man of Atheism, though it may prove him not to have held orthodox opinions. From the MS collections of the French Contemporary, who well knew HOBBES at Paris, I transcribe a remarkable observation:— "HOBBES said, that he was not surprized that the Independents, who were enemies of Monarchy, could not bear it in Heaven, and that therefore they placed there Three Gods, instead of one; but he was astonished that the English Bishops, and those Presbyterians, who were favourers of Monarchy, should persist in the same opinion concerning the Trinity. He added, that the Episcopalians ridiculed the Puritans, and the Puritans the Episcopalians; but that the Wise ridiculed both alike."— *Lantiniana MS. quoted by Joly, p.* 434.

The *Religion* of HOBBES was in *conformity* to *State*

of them aimed. Many enlightened Bishops sided with the Philosopher[L]. The practical

[L] See page 41.

and Church. He had, however, the most awful notions of the Divinity. He confesses he is unacquainted with "the nature of God, but not with the *necessity* of the existence of the Power of all Powers, and First Cause of all Causes; so that we know that God is, though not what he is." See his "Human Nature," Chap. xi. But was the God of HOBBES the inactive deity of Epicurus, who takes no interest in the happiness or misery of his created beings; or, as Madame DE STAEL has expressed it, with the point and felicity of French antithesis, was this "an Atheism with a God?" This consequence some of his adversaries would draw from his principles, which HOBBES indignantly denies. He has done more; for, in his *De Corpore Politico,* he declares his belief of all the fundamental points of Christianity, Part i. c. 4, p. 116. Ed. 1652. But he was an open enemy to those "who presume, out of Scripture, by their own interpretation, to raise any *doctrine to the understanding,* concerning those things which are

wisdom of HOBBES's Philosophy may be shewn in its result. At a time when MIL-

incomprehensible;" and he refers to St. Paul, who gives a good rule "*to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man* THE MEASURE OF FAITH."—Rom. xii. 3.

[K] It is remarkable, that when HOBBES adopted the principle that the *Ecclesiastical* should be united with the *Sovereign* Power, he was then actually producing that portentous change which had terrified LUTHER and CALVIN; who, even in their day, were alarmed by a new kind of political Antichrist; that "Cæsarean Popery," which STUBBE so much dreaded, and which I have here noticed, Vol. ii. p. 69. LUTHER predicted, that as the Pope had at times seized on the political sword, so this, under the pretence of policy, would grasp the Ecclesiastical Crosier, to form a *Political Church.* The curious Reader is referred to WOLFIUS, *Lectionum Memorabilium et reconditarum,* Vol. ii. Cent. x, p. 987. CALVIN, in his Commentary on Amos, has also a remarkable passage on this *political Church.* Animadverting on Amaziah, the Priest,

TON sullenly withdrew from every public testimonial of Divine Worship, HOBBES, with more enlightened views, *attended Church*

who would have proved the Bethel worship warrantable, because settled by the Royal authority. "It is the King's Chapel." Amos, c. vii. 13. Thus Amaziah, adds CALVIN, assigns the King a double function, and maintains it is in his power to transform Religion into what shape he pleases, while he charges Amos with disturbing the public repose, and encroaching on the Royal Prerogative. CALVIN zealously reprobates the conduct of those inconsiderate persons, "who give the Civil Magistrate a sovereignty in Religion, and dissolve the Church into the State." The supremacy in Church and State, conferred on Henry VIII. was the real cause of these alarms; but the passion of domination raged not less fiercely in CALVIN than in Henry VIII.; in the Enemy of Kings, than in Kings themselves. Were the *forms* of Religion more celestial, from the sanguinary hands of that tyrannical Reformer, than from those of the reforming Tyrant? The system of our Philosopher was, to lay all the wild spirits which have

Service, and strenuously supported *an established Religion;* so that the Divinity be adored by our Conscience, the manner must

haunted us, in the chimerical shapes of *Non-Conformity*. I have often thought, after much observation on our Church-history since the Reformation, that *the devotional feelings* have not been so much concerned in this bitter opposition to the National Church, as the rage of dominion, the spirit of vanity, the sullen pride of Sectarism, and the delusions of madness, have usually been.

[L] HOBBES himself tells us, that "some bishops are content to hold their authority from *the King's Letters Patents;* others will needs have somewhat more, they know not what of *Divine Rights*, &c. *not acknowledging the power of the King*. It is a relic still remaining of the venom of popish ambition, lurking in that *seditious distinction and division* between the Power *Spiritual* and *Civil*. The safety of the State does not depend on the safety of the Clergy, but on the *entireness of the Sovereign Power*."

Considerations upon the Reputation, &c. of Mr. Hobbes. p. 44.

be merely human; yet one is deemed a religious man, and the other an Atheist! Were the *actions* of men to be decisive of their characters, the reverse might be inferred.

The temper of our Philosopher, so ill adapted to contradiction, was too often tried; and if, as his adversary, HARRINGTON, in the Oceana, says, "Truth be a spark, whereunto objections are like bellows," the mind of HOBBES, for half a century, was a very forge, where the hammer was always beating, and the flame was never allowed to be extinguished. Charles II. strikingly described his worrying assailants. "HOBBES," said the King, "was a bear, against whom the Church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them [M]." A strange repartee has

[M] This Royal observation is recorded in the *Sorberiana*. Sorbiere gleaned the anecdote during his

preserved the causticity of his wit. Dr. EACHARD, perhaps one of the prototypes of SWIFT, wrote two admirable ludicrous dialogues, in ridicule of HOBBES's state of nature[N]. They were much recommended

residence in England. By the Aubrey papers, which have been published after I had composed my article of HOBBES, I find that Charles II. was greatly delighted by the wit and repartees of HOBBES, who was at once bold and happy in making his stand amidst the Court-Wits. The King, whenever he saw HOBBES, who had the privilege of being admitted into the Royal presence, would exclaim, "Here comes the bear to be baited." This did not allude to his native roughness, but the force of his resistance when attacked.

[N] See "Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy." The second dialogue is not contained in the eleventh edition of Eachard's Works, 1705, which, however, was long after his death, so careless were the publishers of those days of their authors' works. The

to keep up the laugh against the philosophic Misanthropist; perpetually stung, once when he was told that the Clergy said that "EACHARD had crucified HOBBES," he bitterly retorted, "why then don't they fall down and *worship* me[o]."

The LEVIATHAN was bantered by the Wits, declaimed against by the Republicans, and denounced by the Monarchists, while the Clergy menaced. The wild Commonwealth's man of equality, HARRINGTON, raged at the subtile advocate for despotic power; but the glittering bubble of his fanciful "Oceana," only broke on the mighty sides of the "Leviathan," wasting its rainbow tints: the mitred BRAMHALL,

literary bookseller, Tom Davies, who ruined himself by giving good editions of our old authors, has preserved it in his own.

[o] "A Discourse concerning Irony, 1729," p. 13.

at "The catching of Leviathan, or the great Whale," flung his harpoon, demonstrating consequences from the principles of HOBBES, which he as eagerly denied. But our ambiguous Philosopher had the hard fate to be attacked even by those who were labouring to the same end [P]. The

[P] Men of very opposite principles, but aiming at the same purpose, are reduced to a dilemma, by the spirit of party in controversy. Sir ROBERT FILMER, who wrote against "the Anarchy of a limited Monarchy," and "Patriarcha," to re-establish *absolute power*, derived it from the scriptural accounts of the Patriarchal State. But Sir ROBERT and HOBBES, though alike the advocates for supremacy of power, were as opposite as possible on theological points. FILMER had the same work to perform, but he did not like the instruments of his fellow-labourer. His manner of proceeding with HOBBES shews his dilemma: he refutes the doctrine of the "Leviathan," while he confesses that HOBBES is right in the main. The philosopher's reasonings stand on quite another

literary wars of HOBBES were fierce and long; heroes he encountered, but heroes too were fighting by his side. Our Chief himself wore a kind of magical armour; for, either he denied the consequences his adversaries deduced from his principles, or he surprised by new conclusions, which many, indeed, could not discover in them; but by such means, while his works abound with the most impressive truths, in all the simplicity of thought and language, he had not only the art of infusing confidence among the *Hobbists*, but the greater one of dividing his adversaries, who often retreated, rather fatigued than victorious. HOBBES owed this partly to the happiness

foundation than the scriptural authorities deduced by FILMER. The result therefore is, that Sir ROBERT had the trouble to confute the very thing he afterwards had to establish!

of a genius which excelled in controversy, but more, perhaps, to the advantage of the ground he occupied as a Metaphysician: the usual darkness of that spot is favourable to those shiftings and turnings which the equivocal possessor may practise with an unwary assailant. Far different was the fate of HOBBES in the open daylight of Mathematics: there his hardy genius lost him, and his sophistry could spin no web. A memorable war of twenty years was waged between HOBBES and Dr. WALLIS, for which I reserve a separate place, to preserve some curious extracts. But the gall of controversy was tasted, and the flames of persecution flashed at times in the closet of our Philosopher. The ungenerous attack of Bishop FELL, who, in the Latin translation of WOOD's "History of the University of Oxford," had con-

verted eulogium into the most virulent abuse [a], without the participation of

[a] It may be curious to some of my Readers to preserve that part of HOBBES's Letter to ANTHONY WOOD, in the rare tract of his Latin Life, in which, with great calmness, the Philosopher has painfully collated the odious interpolations. All that was written in favour of the morals of HOBBES; of the esteem in which foreigners held him; of the royal patronage, &c. were maliciously erased. HOBBES thus notices the amendments of Bishop FELL:

"Nimirum ubi mihi tu ingenium attribuis *Sobrium*, ille, deleto *Sobrio*, substituit *Acri*.

"Ubi tu scripseras *Libellum scripsit de Cive*, interposuit ille inter *Libellum* et *de Cive, rebus permiscendis natum*, de *Cive*, quod ita manifestè falsum est, &c.

"Quod, ubi tu de libro meo *Leviathan* scripsisti, primò, quod esset, *Vicinis gentibus notissimus*, interposuit ille, *publico damno*. Ubi tu scripseras, *scripsit librum*, interposuit ille *monstrosissimum*."

A noble confidence in his own genius and celebrity, breaks out in this Epistle to WOOD. "In leaving

WOOD, who resented it with his honest warmth, was only an arrow snatched from a

out all that you have said of my character and reputation, the Dean has injured you, but cannot injure me; for long since has my fame winged its way to a station from which it can never descend." One is surprised to find such a Miltonic spirit in the contracted soul of HOBBES, who, in his own system might have cynically ridiculed the passion for Fame, which, however, no man felt more than himself. In his controversy with Bishop BRAMHALL (whose book he was cautious not to answer till ten years after it was published, and his adversary was no more, pretending he had never heard of it till then!) he breaks out with the same feeling: "What my works are he was no fit judge; but now he has provoked me, I will say thus much of them, that neither he, if he had lived could, nor I, if I would can, extinguish the light which is set up in the world by the greatest part of them."

It is curious to observe that an idea occurred to HOBBES, which some authors have attempted lately

quiver which was every day emptying itself on the devoted head of our ambiguous Philosopher. FELL only vindicated himself by a fresh invective on "the most vain and waspish animal of Malmesbury," and HOBBES was too frightened to reply. Perhaps this was the FELL of whom it was

to put into practice against their Critics; to prosecute them in a Court of Law; but the knowledge of mankind was one of the liveliest faculties of HOBBES's mind: he knew well to what account common minds place the injured feelings of authorship; yet were *a Jury of Literary Men* to sit in judgment, we might have a good deal of business in the Court for a long time; but the Critics and the Authors would finally have a very useful body of Reports and Pleadings to appeal to: the public would be highly entertained and greatly instructed. On this attack of Bishop FELL, HOBBES says, "I might perhaps have an action on the case against him, if it were worth my while; but Juries seldom consider the quarrels of Authors as of much moment."

so difficult to assign a reason not to like him:

"I don't like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell!"

A curious incident in the history of the mind of this Philosopher, was the mysterious panic which accompanied him to his latest day. It has not been denied that HOBBES was subject to occasional terrors: he dreaded to be left without company; and a particular instance is told, that on the Earl of Devonshire's removal from Chatsworth, the Philosopher, then in a dying state, insisted on being carried away, though on a feather-bed. Various motives have been suggested to account for this extraordinary terror. Some declared he was afraid of Spirits; but he was too stout

a Materialist! [R] Another, that he dreaded assassination; an ideal poignard

[R] BAYLE has conjured up an amusing theory of apparitions, to shew that HOBBES might fear that a certain combination of atoms agitating his brain, might so disorder his mind that it would expose him to spectral visions; and being very timorous, and distrusting his imagination, he was averse to be left alone. Apparitions happen frequently in dreams, and they may happen, even to an incredulous man, when awake, for reading and hearing of them would revive their images — these images, adds BAYLE, might play him some unlucky trick! We are here astonished at the ingenuity of a disciple of Pyrrho, who in his enquiries, after having exhausted all human evidence, seems to have demonstrated what he hesitates to believe! Perhaps the truth was, that the sceptical BAYLE had not entirely freed himself from the traditions which were then still floating from the Fire-side to the Philosopher's closet: he points his pen, as Æneas brandished his sword at the Gorgons and Chimæras that darkened the entrance of

indeed, might scare even a Materialist. But Bishop ATTERBURY, in a Sermon on *the Terrors of Conscience*, illustrates their nature by the character of our Philosopher. HOBBES is there accused of attempting to destroy the Principles of Religion against his own inward conviction: this would only prove the insanity of HOBBES! The Bishop shews, that "the disorders of *Conscience* are not a *continued* but an *intermitting* disease." So that the patient may appear at intervals in seeming health and real ease, till the fits return: all this he applies to the case of our Philosopher. In reasoning on human affairs, the shortest way will be to discover human motives. The Spirit, or the Assassin, of

Hell; wanting the admonitions of the Sibyl, he would have rushed in —

Et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

HOBBES, was the Bill brought into Parliament, when the Nation was panic-struck on the Fire of London, against Atheism and Profaneness. A Writ *de heretico comburendo*, which he had a notion was intended for him by Bishop SETH WARD, his *quondam* admirer [s]. His spirits

[s] The papers of AUBREY, recently published, confirm my suggestion. I shall give the words: "There was a report, and surely true, that in Parliament, not long after the King was settled, some of the Bishops made a motion to have the good old gentleman burned for a heretique; which he hearing, feared that his papers might be searched by their order, and he told me he had burned part of them." p. 612. When AUBREY requested WALLER to write verses on HOBBES, the Poet said that he was afraid of the Churchmen. AUBREY tells us, "I have often heard him say that he was not afraid of *Sprights*, but afraid of being knocked on the head for five or ten pounds which rogues might think he had in his

would sink at those moments; for it happened in the philosophy of HOBBES, that the whole universe seemed to be concentrated in that small space of SELF. There was no length he refused to go for what he calls "the natural right of preservation, which we all receive from the uncontroulable dictates of NECESSITY." He exhausts his imagination in the forcible descriptions of his extinction: "the terrible enemy of Nature, Death," is always before him. The "inward horror" he felt of his extinction,

chamber." This reason given by HOBBES for his frequent alarms was an evasive reply for too curious and talkative an inquirer. HOBBES has not concealed the cause of his terror in his metrical life:

"Tunc venit in mentem mihi Dorislaus et Ascham,
Tanquam proscripto terror ubique aderat."

Dr. Dorislaus and Ascham had fallen under the daggers of proscription.

Lord CLARENDON thus alludes to: "If Mr. HOBBES and some other man were both condemned to death (which is the most formidable thing Mr. HOBBES can conceive)"—and Dr. EACHARD rallies him on the infinite anxiety he bestowed on his *body*, and thinks that "he had better compound to be kicked and beaten twice a day, than to be so dismally tortured about an old rotten carcase." Death was perhaps the only subject about which HOBBES would not dispute.

Such a Materialist was then liable to terrors; and though, when his Works were burnt, the author had not a hair singed, the convulsion of the panic often produced, as Bishop ATTERBURY expresses it, "an intermitting disease."

Persecution terrified HOBBES, and magnanimity and courage were no virtues in his

philosophy. He went about hinting that he was not obstinate (that is, before the Bench of Bishops); that his opinions were mere conjectures, proposed as exercises for the powers of reasoning. He attempted (without meaning to be ludicrous) to make his *opinions* a distinct object from his *person*; and, for the good order of the latter, he appealed to the Family Chaplain, for his attendance at Divine Service; from whence, however, he always departed at the Sermon, insisting that the Chaplain could not teach him any thing. It was in one of these panics that he produced his "Historical Narrative of Heresy, and the punishment thereof," where, losing the dignity of the philosophic character, he creeps into a subterfuge with the subtilty of the lawyer; insisting that the Leviathan, being published at a time when there was no distinc-

tion of Creeds in England (the Court of High Commission having been abolished in the troubles), that therefore none could be heretical [T].

[T] It is said that HOBBES completely recanted all his opinions; and proceeded so far, as to declare that the opinions he had published, in his "Leviathan," were not his real sentiments, and that he neither maintained them in public or in private. WOOD gives this title to a work of his: "An Apology for himself and his writings," but without date. Some have suspected that this apology, if it ever existed, was not his own composition. Yet why not? HOBBES, no doubt, thought that the "Leviathan" would outlast any Recantation; and, after all, that a Recantation is by no means a Refutation! Recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the force of conviction. I am much pleased with a Dr. Pocklington, who hit the etymology of the word *Recantation*, with the spirit. Accused and censured, for a penance he was to make a Recantation, which he began thus:—"If *canto* be to sing, *recanto* is

No man was more speculatively bold, and more practically timorous [U]; and

[U] See page 60.

to sing again;" so that he *re-chaunted* his offensive principles by his *Recantation!*

I suspect that the apology WOOD alludes to, was only a republication of HOBBES's Address to the King, prefixed to the "Seven Philosophical Problems, 1662," where he openly disavows his opinions, and makes an apology for the Leviathan. It is curious enough to observe how he acts in this dilemma. It was necessary to give up his opinions to the Clergy, but still to prove they were of an innocent nature. He therefore acknowledges that "his theological notions are not his opinions, but propounded with submission to the power Ecclesiastical, never afterwards having maintained them in writing or discourse." Yet, to shew the King, that the Regal Power incurred no great risk in them, he laid down one principle, which could not have been unpleasing to Charles II. He asserts, truly, that he never wrote against Episcopacy; "yet he is called an Atheist, or man of no religion, because he has made the

two very contrary principles enabled him, through an extraordinary length of life, to

authority of the Church depend wholly upon the regal power; which, I hope, your Majesty will think is neither Atheism nor Heresy." HOBBES considered the *Religion* of his Country as a subject of *Law*, and not of *Philosophy*. He was not for *separating* the Church from the State; but, on the contrary, for *joining them* more closely. The Bishops ought not to have been his enemies; and many were not.

[U] In the MS Collection of the French Contemporary, who personally knew him, we find a remarkable confession of HOBBES. He said of himself, that "He sometimes made openings, to let in light, but that he could not discover his thoughts but by half-views: like those who throw open the window for a short time, but soon closing it, from the dread of the storm."—"*Il disoit qu'il faisoit quelquefois des Ouvertures, mais qu'il ne pouvoit découvrir ses pensées qu'a demi; qu'il imitoit ceux qui ouvrent la fenetre pendant quelques momens, mais qui la referment promptement de peur de l'orage.*"—*Lantiniana MSS.* quoted by Joly in his folio volume of "Remarques sur Bayle."

deliver his opinions, and still to save himself: these were, his excessive vanity, and his excessive timidity. The one inspired his hardy originality, and the other prompted him to protect himself by any means. His love of glory roused his vigorous intellect, while his fears shrunk him into his little self. HOBBES, engaged in the cause of Truth, betrayed her dignity by his ambiguous and abject conduct: this was a consequence of his selfish philosophy; and this conduct has yielded no dubious triumph to the noble School, which opposed his cynical principles.

A genius more luminous, sagacity more profound, and morals less tainted, were never more eminently combined than in this very man, who was so often reduced to the most abject state. But the anti-social Philosophy of HOBBES terminated

in preserving a pitiful state of existence. He who considered nothing more valuable than life, degraded himself by the meanest artifices of self-love[x], and exulted in the

[x] Could one imagine that the very head and foot of the stupendous "Leviathan" bears the marks of the little artifices practised for self, by its author? — This grave Work is dedicated to a person whom its author had never seen, merely to remind him of a certain legacy which that person's brother had left to our Philosopher. If read with this fact before us, we may detect the concealed claim to the Legacy, which it seems was necessary to conceal from the Parliament, as Francis Godolphin resided in England. It must be confessed, this was a miserable motive for dedicating a system of Philosophy, which was addressed to all mankind. It discovers little dignity. This secret history we owe to Lord CLARENDON, in his "Survey of the Leviathan," who adds another. The Postscript to the Leviathan, which is only in the English Edition, was designed as an easy summary of the principles: and his Lord-

most cynical truths [Y]. The Philosophy of HOBBES, founded on fear and suspicion,

ship adds, as a sly address to Cromwell, that he might be induced to be master of them at once, and "as a pawn of his new subject's allegiance." It is possible that HOBBES might have anticipated the Sovereign Power which the *General* was on the point of assuming, in the *Protectorship*. It was natural enough that HOBBES should deny this suggestion.

[Y] The story his antagonist (Dr. WALLIS) relates, is perfectly in character. HOBBES, to shew the Countess of Devonshire his attachment to life, declared, that "were he master of all the world to dispose of, he would give it, to live one day."—"But you have so many friends to oblige, had you the world to dispose of!"—"Shall I be the better for that, when I am dead?"—"No (repeated the sublime Cynic) I would give the whole world, to live one day."—He asserted, that "it was lawful to make use of ill instruments to do ourselves good, and illustrated it thus:—"Were I cast into a deep pit, and the Devil should put down his cloven foot,

and which, in human nature, could see nothing beyond himself, might make him a wary politician, but always an imperfect social being. We find, therefore, that the Philosopher of Malmesbury adroitly retained a friend at Court, to protect him at an extremity; but considering all men

I would take hold of it, to be drawn out by it."—It must be allowed this is a Philosophy which has a chance of being long popular; but it is not that of another order of human beings! Hobbes would not, like Curtius, have leaped into "a deep pit" for his country; or, to drop the fable, have died for it in the field or on the scaffold, like the Falklands, the Sidneys, the Montroses—all the heroic brotherhood of Genius! One of his last expressions, when informed of the approaches of death, was, "I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at."—Every thing was seen in a little way by this great man; who, having reasoned himself into an abject being, "licked the dust" through life.

alike, as bargaining for themselves, his friends occasioned him as much uneasiness as his enemies. He lived in dread, that the Earl of Devonshire, whose roof had ever been his protection, should at length give him up to the Parliament! There are no friendships among Cynics!

To such a state of degradation had the selfish philosophy reduced one of the greatest geniuses; a philosophy true only for the wretched and the criminal [z].

[z] In our Country, Mandeville, Swift, and Chesterfield, have trod in the track of HOBBES; and in France, Helvetius, Rochefoucault in his "Maxims," and L'Esprit more openly, in his "*Fausseté des Vertus Humaines.*" They only degrade us: they are polished Cynics! But what are we to think of the tremendous Cynicism of Machiavel? That great Genius eyed human nature with the ferocity of an enraged savage. Machiavel is a vindictive assassin, who delights even to turn his dagger within the mortal

But those who feel moving within themselves the benevolent principle, and who

wound he has struck; but our HOBBES, said his friend Sorbiere, " is a gentle and skilful surgeon, who, with regret, cuts into the living flesh, to get rid of the corrupted." It is equally to be regretted, that the same system of degrading man has been adopted by some, under the mask of Religion.

Yet HOBBES, perhaps, never suspected the arms he was placing in the hands of wretched men, when he furnished them with such fundamental positions as, that " Man is naturally an evil being; that he does not love his equal; and only seeks the aid of Society for his own particular purposes." He would at least have disowned some of his diabolical disciples. One of them, so late as in 1774, vented his furious Philosophy, in " An Essay on the Depravity and Corruption of Human Nature, wherein the Opinions of Hobbes, Mandeville, Helvetius, &c. are supported against Shaftesbury, Hume, Sterne, &c. by Thomas O'Brien M'Mahon." This Gentleman, once informed that he was *born wicked*, appears to have

delight in acts of social sympathy, are conscious of passions and motives, which

considered that wickedness was his paternal estate, to be turned to as profitable an account as he could. The titles of his chapters, serving as a string of the most extraordinary propositions, have been preserved in Monthly Rev. Vol. lii. 77. The demonstrations in the Work itself must be still more curious. In these axioms we find that "Man has an *enmity* to all beings; that had he *power*, the first victims of his revenge would be his wife, children, &c.—a Sovereign, if he could reign with the *unbounded authority* every man *longs for*, free from apprehension of punishment for misrule, would slaughter all his subjects; perhaps he would not leave one of them alive at the end of his reign." It was perfectly in character with this wretched being, after having quarrelled with Human Nature, that he should be still more inveterate against a small part of her family, with whom he was suffered to live on too intimate terms; for he afterwards published another extraordinary piece, "The Conduct and Good-Nature of English-

the others have omitted in their system. And the truth is, these "unnatural Philosophers," as Lord SHAFTESBURY expres-

men exemplified in their charitable way of characterising the Customs, Manners, &c. of neighbouring nations; their equitable and humane mode of governing States, &c; their elevated and courteous Deportment, &c. of which their own Authors are every where produced as Vouchers, 1777." One is tempted to think that this O'Brien M'Mahon, after all, is only a wag, and has copied out the horrid pictures of his masters, as Hogarth did the School of Rembrandt, by his "Paul before Felix, designed and *scratched* in the true Dutch taste." These works seem, however, to have their use. To have carried the conclusions of the Anti-social Philosophy to as great lengths as this writer has, is to display their absurdity. But, as every rational Englishman will appeal to his own heart, in declaring the one Work to be nothing but a libel on the Nation; so every man, not destitute of virtuous emotions, will feel the other to be a libel on Human Nature itself.

sively terms them, are by no means the monsters they tell us they are; their practice is therefore usually in opposition to their principles. While HOBBES was for chaining down mankind as so many beasts of prey, he surely betrayed his social passion, in the benevolent warnings he was perpetually giving them; and while he affected to hold his brothers in contempt, he was sacrificing laborious days, and his peace of mind, to acquire celebrity. Who loved glory more than this sublime Cynic? — "*Glory*," says our Philosopher, "by those whom it displeaseth, is called *Pride*; by those whom it pleaseth, it is termed *a just valuation of himself**." Had HOBBES defined, as critically, the passion of *Self-love*, without resolving all our

* Human Nature, c. ix.

sympathies into a single monstrous one, we might have been disciplined without being degraded.

HOBBES, indeed, had a full feeling of the magnitude of his labours, both for foreigners and posterity, as he has expressed it in his life. He disperses, in all his works, some Montaigne-like notices of himself, and they are eulogistic. He has not omitted any one of his virtues, nor even an apology for his deficiency in others. He notices, with complacency, how Charles II. had his portrait placed in the Royal Cabinet; how it was frequently asked for by his friends, in England and in France [AA]. He has written his life seve-

[AA] HOBBES did not exaggerate the truth. Aubrey says of Cowper's Portrait of HOBBES, that "he intends to borrow the picture of his Majesty, for Mr. Loggan to engrave an accurate piece by, which

ral times, in verse and in prose; and never fails to throw into the eyes of his adversaries

will sell well at home and abroad." We have only the rare print of Hobbes by Faithorne, prefixed to a quarto edition of his Latin Life, 1682, remarkable for its expression and character. Sorbiere, returning from England, brought home a portrait of the Sage, which he placed in his Collection; and strangers, far and near, came to look on the physiognomy of a great and original Thinker. One of the honours which Men of Genius receive, is this homage the Public pay to their images; whether, as the fat Monk, one of the heroes of the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*, who, standing before a portrait of Erasmus, spit on it in utter malice; or that they are looked on in silent reverence. It is alike a tribute paid to the Masters of intellect. They have had their shrines and pilgrimages.

None of our Authors have been better known, nor more highly considered, than our Hobbes, abroad. I find many curious particulars, of him and his conversations, recorded in French works, which are not

the reputation he gained abroad and at home [BB]. He delighted to shew he was living, by annual publications; and exultingly exclaimed, "That when he had silenced his adversaries, he published, in

known to the English Biographers or Critics. His residence at Paris occasioned this. See Ancillon's Melange Critique, Basle, 1698; Patin's Letters, 61; Sorberiana; Niceron, Tome iv.; Joly's Additions to Bayle. — All these contain original notices on HOBBES.

[BB] To his Life are additions, which nothing but the self-love of the Author could have imagined.

"Amicorum Elenchus."— He might be proud of the List of Foreigners and Natives.

"Tractuum contra Hobbium editorum Syllabus."

"Eorum qui in Scriptis suis Hobbio contradixerunt Indiculus."

"Qui Hobbii meminerunt seu in bonam seu in sequiorem partem."

"In Hobbii Defensionem."— HOBBES died 1679, aged 91. These two Editions are, 1681, 1682.

the eighty-seventh year of his life, the Odyssey of Homer, and the next year the Iliad, in English verse."

His greatest imperfection was a monstrous egotism — the fate of those who concentrate all their observations into their own individual feelings. There are minds which think too much, by conversing too little with books and men. HOBBES exulted he had read little, and was a solitary man; hence he always saw things in his own way; and doubtless this was the cause of his mania for disputation.

He wrote against dogmas with a spirit perfectly dogmatic. He liked conversation, on the terms he admitted the intercourse of mankind in his political system, provided absolute authority was established, peevishly referring to his own works, whenever contradicted; and his friends

stipulated with strangers, that "they should not dispute with the old man." But what are we to think of that pertinacity of opinion which he held even with one as great as himself? SELDEN has often quitted the room, or HOBBES been driven from it, in the fierceness of their battle [cc]. Even to his latest day, the "war of words" delighted the man of confined reading. The literary duels between HOBBES and another hero celebrated in Logomachy, the Catholic priest THOMAS WHITE, have been recorded by WOOD. They had both passed their eightieth year, and were fond of paying visits to one another; but the

[cc] This fact has been recorded in one of the pamphlets of Richard BAXTER, who, however, was no well-wisher to our Philosopher. "Additional Notes on the Life and Death of Sir Matthew Hale, 1682," p. 40.

two literary Nestors never met to part in cool blood, "wrangling, squabbling, and scolding on philosophical matters," as our blunt and lively historian has described [DD].

His little qualities were the errors of his own selfish Philosophy; his great ones were those of Nature. He was a votary to his studies [EE]: he avoided marriage,

[DD] Athen. Oxon. Vol. ii. p. 665, Ed. 1721. No one, however, knew better than HOBBES the vanity and uselessness of WORDS: in one place he compares them to "a Spider's web; for by contexture of words, tender and delicate Wits are insnared and stopt, but strong Wits break easily through them." The pointed sentence, with which WARBURTON closes his Preface to Shakspeare, is HOBBES's—that "Words are the counters of the wise, and the money of fools."

[EE] AUBREY has minutely preserved for us the manner in which HOBBES composed his "Leviathan:" it is very curious for literary students. "He walked

to which he was inclined, and refused place and wealth, which he might have enjoyed, for literary leisure. He treated with philosophic pleasantry, his real contempt of money [FF]. His health and his studies

much and contemplated; and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and carried always a note book in his pocket, and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into Chapters, &c. and he knew whereabouts it would come in. Thus that book was made." Vol. ii. p. 607. AUBREY, the little Boswell of his day, has recorded another literary particularity, which some authors do not assuredly sufficiently use. HOBBES said, that he sometimes would set his thoughts upon researching and contemplating, always with this proviso, "that he very much and deeply considered one thing at a time; for a week, or sometimes a fortnight."

[FF] A small annuity from the Devonshire family, and a small pension from Charles II. exceeded the

were the sole objects of his thoughts; and notwithstanding that panic which so often

wants of his philosophic life. If he chuse to compute his income, HOBBES says facetiously of himself, in French sols or Spanish maravedis, he could persuade himself that Crœsus or Crassus were by no means richer than himself; and when he alludes to his property, he considers wisdom to be his real wealth:

"An quàm dives, id est, quàm sapiens fuerim?"

He gave up his patrimonial estate to his brother, not wanting it himself; but ungraciously tells the tale himself, and adds, that though small in extent, it was rich in its crops. ANTHONY WOOD, with unusual delight, opens the character of HOBBES: "Though he hath an ill name from some, and good from others, yet he was a person endowed with an excellent philosophical soul, was a contemner of riches, money, envy, the world, &c.; a severe lover of justice, and endowed with great morals; cheerful, open, and free of his discourse, yet without offence to any, which he endeavoured always to avoid." What an

disturbed them; he wrote and published beyond his ninetieth year. He closes the metrical history of his life with more dignity than he did his life itself; for his mind seems always to have been greater

enchanting picture of the old man in the green vigour of his age, has COWLEY sent down to us!

"Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou 'rt yet:
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire:
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.—
To things immortal time can do no wrong;
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young."

than his actions. He appeals to his friend for the congruity of his life with his writings; for his devotion to justice; and for a generous work, which no miser could have planned; and closes thus:

"And now complete my four and eighty years,
Life's lengthen'd plot is o'er, and the last scene appears [GG]."

Of the works of HOBBES, we must not conclude, as HUME tells us, that "they have fallen into neglect;" nor, in the style with

[GG] "Ipse meos nôsti, Verdusi candide, mores,
Et tecum cuncti qui mea scripta legunt:
Nam mea vita meis non est incongrua scriptis;
Justitiam doceo, Justitiamque colo.
Improbus esse potest nemo qui non sit avarus,
Nec pulchrum quisquam fecit avarus opus.
Octoginta ego jam complevi et quatuor annos;
Pene acta est vitæ fabula longa meæ.

which they were condemned at Oxford, that "they are pernicious and damnable." The sanguine opinion of the author himself was, that the mighty "Leviathan" will stand for all ages, defended by its own strength; for the rule of justice, the reproof of the ambitious, the citadel of the Sovereign, and the peace of the people [HH]. But the smaller treatises of

[HH] HOBBES, in his metrical (by no means his poetical) life, says, the more the Leviathan was written against, the more it was read; and adds,

"Firmiùs inde stetit, spero stabitque per omne
Ævum, defensus viribus ipse suis.
Justitiæ mensura, atque ambitionis elenchus,
Regum arx, pax populo, si doceatur, erit.

The term *arx*, is here peculiarly fortunate, according to the system of the author — it means a citadel or fortified place on an eminence, to which the people might fly for their common safety.

HOBBES are still more precious. LOCKE is the pupil of HOBBES, and it may often

His works were much read; as appears by "The Court burlesqued," a satire attributed to BUTLER.

"So those who wear the holy robes
That rail so much at *Father Hobbs*,
Because he has exposed of late
The nakedness of Church and State;'
Yet tho' they do his books condemn,
They love to buy and read the same."

Our author, so late as in 1750, was still so commanding a genius, that his works were collected in a handsome folio; but that collection is not complete. When he could not get his works printed at home, he published them in Latin, including his mathematical works, at Amsterdam, by Blaew, 1668, 4to. His treatises, "*De Cive*," and "On Human Nature," are of perpetual value. GASSENDI recommends these admirable works, and PUFFENDORFF acknowledges the depth of his obligations. The Life of HOBBES in the Biographia Britannica, by Dr. CAMPBELL, is a work of curious research.

be doubtful whether the scholar has rivalled the nervous simplicity and the energetic originality of his master.

The genius of HOBBES was of the first order; yet he never elevates nor delights. Too faithful an observer of the miserable human nature before him, he submits to expedients; he acts on the defensive; and because he is in terror, he would consider security to be the happiness of man. In *Religion* he would stand by an established one; yet thus he deprives man of that moral freedom which God himself has surely allowed us. LOCKE has the glory of having first given distinct notions of the nature of toleration. In *Politics* his great principle is the establishment of *Authority*, or, as he terms it, an "entireness of sovereign power:" here he seems to have built his arguments with such eter-

nal truths, and with such a contriving wisdom, as to adapt his system to all the changes of government. HOBBES found it necessary, in his day, to place this despotism in the hands of his colossal monarch; and were HOBBES now living, he would not relinquish the principle, though perhaps he might vary the application; for *Authority*, as strong as man can create it, must even exist in our free Constitution; and HOBBES would now maintain his system by depositing his "entireness of sovereign power" in the LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY. So easily shifted is the vast political machine of the much abused LEVIATHAN! The *Citizen* of HOBBES, like the *Prince* of MACHIAVEL, is alike innocent, when the end of their authors is once detected, amidst those ambiguous means by which

the hard necessity of their times constrained their mighty genius to disguise itself.

It is, however, remarkable of *Systems of Opinions*, that the Founder's celebrity has usually outlived his Sect's. Why are Systems, when once brought into practice, so often discovered to be fallacies? This seems to me the natural progress of System-making. A genius of this order of invention, long busied with profound observations and perpetual truths, would appropriate to himself this assemblage of his ideas, by stamping his individual mark on them. It is for this purpose that he strikes out some mighty paradox, which gives an apparent connection to them all; and to this paradox all parts are forced into subserviency. It is a minion of the fancy, which his secret pride supports, not always by the most scrupulous means. Hence

the System itself, with all its novelty and singularity, turns out to be nothing more than an ingenious deception carried on for the glory of the inventor; and when his followers perceive they were the dupes of his ingenuity, they are apt, in quitting the SYSTEM, to give up all; not aware that the parts are as true, as the whole together is false; the sagacity of Genius collected the one, but its Vanity formed the other!

HOBBES'S QUARRELS

WITH

DR. WALLIS THE MATHEMATICIAN.

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HOBBES's *passion for the study of Mathematics began late in life — attempts to be an original discoverer — attacked by* WALLIS *— various replies and rejoinders — nearly maddened by the opposition he had encountered — after four years of truce, the war again renewed—Character of* HOBBES *by* DR. WALLIS, *a specimen of invective and irony; serving as a remarkable instance how the greatest Genius may come down to us disguised by the arts of an adversary.—* HOBBES's *noble defence of himself; of his own great reputation; of his politics; and of his religion — a*

literary stratagem of his — reluctantly gives up the contest, which lasted twenty years.

THE Mathematical War between HOBBES and the celebrated Dr. WALLIS is now to be opened. A series of battles, the renewed campaigns of more than twenty years, can be described by no term less eventful. HOBBES himself considered it as a war, in which he took too much delight. His "Amata Mathemata" was a war of idle ambition; it became his pride, his pleasure, and his shame. He attempted to maintain his irruption into a province he ought never to have entered in defiance, by "a new method;" but having invaded the powerful natives, he seems to have almost repented the folly, and retires, leaving "the unmanageable brutes" to themselves!

Ergo meam statuo non ultra perdere opellam
Indocile expectans discere posse pecus.

His language breathes war, while he sounds his retreat, and confesses his repulse. The Algebraists had all declared against the Invader.

Wallisius contra pugnat; victusque videbar
Algebristarum Theiologumque scholis,
Et simul eductus Castris exercitus omnis
Pugnæ securus Wallisianus ovat.

And,

Pugna placet vertor—
Bella mea audisti — &c.

So that we have sufficient authority to consider this Literary Quarrel as a war, and a "Bellum Peloponnesiacum" too, for it lasted as long. Political, literary, and even personal feelings, were called in, to

heat the temperate blood of two Mathematicians.

"What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?"

HOBBES was one of the many victims who lost themselves in squaring the Circle, and doubling the Cube. He applied, late in life, to the study of the Mathematics; not so much, he says, to learn the subtile demonstrations of its figures, as to acquire those habits of close reasoning, so useful in the discovery of new truths, to prove or to refute. So justly he reasoned on the Mathematics; but so ill he practised the study, that it made him the most unreasonable being imaginable, for he resisted mathematical demonstration itself! [A]

[A] The origin of his taste for Mathematics was purely accidental: begun in love, it continued to dotage. According to AUBREY, he was forty years old,

His great and original character could not but prevail in every thing he undertook; and his egotism tempted him to raise a name in the world of Science, as he had in that of Politics and Morals. With the ardour of a young Mathematician, he exclaimed, *Eureka!* "I have found it."—The Quadrature of the Circle was indeed the common Dulcinea of the Quixotes of the time; but they had all been disenchanted. HOBBES alone clung to his ridiculous Mistress. Repeatedly confuted, he was perpetually resisting

when, "being in a gentleman's library, Euclid's Elements lay open at the 47th Propos. lib. i. which, having read, he swore, 'This is impossible!' He read the demonstration, which referred him back to another—at length he was convinced of that truth. This made him in love with Geometry. I have heard Mr. HOBBES say, that he was wont to draw lines on his thighs, and on the sheets a-bed."

old reasonings, and producing new ones. Were only Genius requisite for an able Mathematician, HOBBES had been among the first; but patience and docility, not fire and fancy, are necessary. His reasonings were all paralogisms, and he had always much to say, from not understanding the subject of his enquiries.

When HOBBES published his *De Corpore Philosophico*, 1655, he there exulted that he had solved the great mystery. Dr. WALLIS, the Savilian Professor of Mathematics at Oxford [B], with a deep

[B] The Author of the excellent Latin Grammar of the English language, so useful to every Student in Europe, of which work that singular patriot, THOMAS HOLLIS, printed an Edition, to present to all the learned Institutions of Europe. HENRY STUBBE, the celebrated physician of Warwick, to whom the Reader has been introduced, joined, for he loved a quarrel, in the present Controversy,

aversion of HOBBES's political and religious sentiments, as he understood them, rejoiced to see this famous combatant descending into his own territories. He certainly was eager to meet him single-handed; for he instantly confuted HOBBES, by his *Elenchus Geometriæ Hobbianæ.*

when it involved philosophical matters, siding with HOBBES, because he hated WALLIS. In his "Oneirocritica, or an Exact Account of the Grammatical parts of this Controversy," he draws a strong character of WALLIS, who was indeed a great mathematician, and one of the most extraordinary decypherers of letters; for perhaps no new system of character could be invented, for which he could not make a key; by which means he had rendered the most important services to the Parliament. STUBBE quaintly describes him, as "the sub-scribe to the tribe of Adoniram" (*i. e.* Adoniram Byfield, who, with this cant name, was scribe to the fanatical Assembly of Divines), and "as the glory and pride of the Presbyterian faction."

HOBBES, who saw the newly-acquired province of his Mathematics in danger, and which, like every new possession, seemed to involve his honour more than was necessary, called on all the world for witnesses of the mighty conflict. He now published his work in English, with a sarcastic addition, in a magisterial tone, of *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford.* These were, SETH WARD [c], and WALLIS, both no friends to HOBBES, and who hungered after him as a relishing

[c] Dr. SETH WARD, after the Restoration made Bishop of Salisbury, said, some years before this event was expected, that "he had rather be the author of one of HOBBES's books, than be King of England." But afterwards he seemed not a little inclined to cry out *Crucifige!* He who, to one of these books, the admirable Treatise on "Human Nature," had prefixed one of the highest panegyrics HOBBES could receive! Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. 647.

morsel. WALLIS now replied in English, by "Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School-discipline for not saying his Lessons right, 1656." That part of Controversy, which is usually the last, had already taken place in their choice of phrases [D].

[D] It is mortifying to read *such language* between two Mathematicians, in the calm enquiries of square roots, and the finding of mean proportionals between two straight lines. I wish the example may prove a warning. WALLIS thus opens on HOBBES. "It seems, Mr. HOBBES, that you have a mind to *say your lesson*, and that the Mathematic Professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt.

"What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them, were written in Latin?—Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate?—You found that the Oyster-women could not teach

In the following year the campaign was opened by HOBBES with "ΣΤΙΓΜΑΙ; or, *marks* of the absurd Geometry, *rural Language*, Scottish Church-politics, and Barbarisms, of John Wallis." Quick was the routing of these fresh forces; not one

you to rail in Latin. Now you can, upon all occasion, or without occasion, give the titles of *Fool, Beast, Ass, Dog, &c.* which I take to be but barking; and they are no better than a man might have at Billingsgate for a box o' the ear.

"You tell us, 'though the beasts, that think our railing to be roaring, have for a time admired us; yet now you have shewed them our ears, they will be less affrighted. Sir, those persons (the professors themselves) needed not the sight of *your ears*, but could tell by the *voice* what kind of creature *brayed* in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.'—He bitterly says of HOBBES, that "he is a man who is always writing what was answered before he had written."

was to escape alive! for WALLIS now took the field with "*Hobbiani Puncti dispunctio; or, the undoing of Mr. Hobbes's Points; in answer to Mr. Hobbes's* ΣΤΙΓΜΑΙ, id est, *Stigmata Hobbii.*"— HOBBES seems now to have been reduced to great streights; perhaps he wondered at the obstinacy of his adversary. It seems that HOBBES, who had been used to other studies, and who confesses all the Algebraists were against him, could not conceive a point to exist without quantity; or a line could be drawn without latitude; or a superficies be without depth or thickness; but Mathematicians conceive them without these qualities, when they exist abstractedly in the mind; though, when for the purposes of Science they are produced to the senses, they necessarily have all the qualities. It was understanding these figures, in the vulgar

way, which led HOBBES into a labyrinth of confusions and absurdities *. They appear to have nearly maddened the clear and vigorous intellect of our Philosopher; for he exclaims, in one of these writings: —

"I alone am mad, or they are all out of their senses; so that no third opinion can be taken, unless any will say that we are all mad."

Four years of truce were allowed to intervene between the next battle; when the irrefutable HOBBES, once more collecting his weak and his incoherent forces, arranged them, as well as he was able, into "Six Dialogues, 1661." The utter annihilation he intended for his Antagonist, fell on himself. WALLIS, borrowing the cha-

* Dr. Campbell's Art. on Hobbes, in Biog. Brit. p. 2619.

racter of "the Self-tormentor," from Terence, produced "*Hobbius Heauton-timorumenos* (Hobbes the Self-tormentor); *or, a Consideration of Mr. Hobbes's Dialogues;* addressed to Robert Boyle, 1662."

This attack of WALLIS is of a very opposite character to the arid discussion of abstract blunders in geometry. He who began with Points, and doubling the Cube, and squaring the Circle, now assumes a loftier tone, and carrying his personal and moral feelings into a mere controversy between two idle Mathematicians, he has formed a solemn invective, and edged it with irony. With the character of HOBBES, I hope the Reader has experienced interest enough, to read the long, but curious extract I shall now transcribe, with that awe and reverence which the old

97397

man claims. It will show how even the greatest genius may be disguised, when viewed through the coloured medium of an adversary. One is, however, surprised to find such a passage, in a mathematical work.

"He doth much improve; I mean he doth, *proficere in pejus;* more, indeed, than I could reasonably have expected he would have done; — insomuch, that I cannot but profess some relenting thoughts (though I had formerly occasion to use him somewhat coarsely), to see an old man thus fret and torment himself, to no purpose. You, too, should pity your antagonist; not as if he did deserve it, but because he needs it; and as Chremes, in Terence, of his Senex, his self-tormenting Menedemus —

Cum videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
Miseret me ejus. Quod potero adjutabo senem.

Consider the temper of the man, to move your pity; a person *extremely passionate and peevish, and wholly impatient of contradiction.* A temper, which, whether it be a greater fault or torment (to one, who must so often meet with what he is so ill able to bear) is hard to say.

And to this fretful humour you must add another as bad, which feeds it. You are therefore next to consider him as *one highly opinionative and magisterial. Fanciful* in his conceptions, and deeply enamoured with those *phantasmes,* without a rival. He doth not spare to profess, upon all occasions, how incomparably he thinks himself to have *surpassed all,* Ancient, Modern, Schools, Academies, Persons, Societies, Philosophers, Divines, Heathens, Christians; how despicable he thinks all their writings, in comparison of his; and what hopes he hath, that, by *the Sovereign command of some absolute Prince,*

all other doctrines being exploded, his new dictates should be peremptorily imposed, to be alone taught in all Schools and Pulpits, and universally submitted to. To recount all which he speaks of himself *magnificently*, and *contemptuously* of others, would fill a volume. Should some idle person read over all his books, and collecting together his arrogant and supercilious speeches, applauding himself, and despising all other men, set them forth in one *synopsis*, with this title, *Hobbius de Se* — what a pretty piece of pageantry this would make!

The admirable sweetness of your own nature has not given you the experience of such a temper: yet your contemplation must have needs discerned it, in those symptoms which you have seen it work in others, like the strange effervescence, ebullition, fumes, and fetors, which you have sometimes given yourself the content to observe, in some active

acrimonious chymical *spirits* upon the injection of some contrariant *salts* strangely vexing, fretting, and tormenting itself, while it doth but administer *sport* to the unconcerned spectator. Which temper, being so eminent in the person we have to deal with, your generous nature, which cannot but pity affliction, how much soever deserved, must needs have some compassion for him: who, besides those exquisite *torments* wherewith he doth afflict himself, like that

> —— quo Siculi non invenere Tyranni
> Tormentum majus—

is unavoidably exposed to those two great *mischiefs;* an incapacity to be *taught what he doth not know,* or to be *advised when he thinks amiss;* and moreover, to this *inconvenience,* that he must never *hear his faults but from his adversaries;* for those who are willing to be reputed *friends,* must either not advertise

what they see amiss, or incommode themselves.

But, you will ask, what need he thus torment himself? What need of pity? If *he have hopes* to be admitted the *sole Dictator in Philosophy*, Civil and Natural, in Schools and Pulpits, and to be owned as the only *Magister Sententiarum*, what would he have more?

True, *if he have*; but what *if he have not?* That he *had* some hopes of such an honour, he hath not been sparing to let us know, and was providing against the *envy* that might attend it (*Nec deprecabor Invidiam, sed augendo, ulciscar*, was his resolution); but I doubt these hopes are at an end. He did not find (as he expected) that the *Fairies and Hobgoblins* (for such he reputes all that went before him) did vanish presently, upon the first appearance of his *sunshine*: and, which is worse, while he was on the one side guarding himself against *Envy*, he is, on the other

side, unhappily *surprised* by a worse enemy, called *Contempt*, and with which he is less able to grapple.

I forbear to mention (lest I might seem to reproach that age which I reverence) the *disadvantages* which he may sustain by his old age. 'Tis possible that Time and Age, in a person somewhat *morose*, may have rivetted faster that preconceived opinion of his own worth and excellency beyond others. 'Tis possible also, that he may have *forgotten* much of what once he knew. He may, perhaps, be sometimes more *secure* than *safe*; while trusting to what he thinks a firm foundation, his footing fails him; nor always so vigilant or quicksighted as to discern the *incoherence* or *inconsequence* of his own discourses; unwilling, notwithstanding, to make use of the eyes of other men, lest he should seem thereby to disparage his own; but certainly (though his *will* may be as good as ever) his *parts* are less

vegete and nimble, as to *invention* at least, than in his younger days.

While he had endeavoured only to *raise an expectation*, or put the world in hopes of what great things he had in hand *(to render all Philosophy as clear and certain as Euclid's Elements)*, if he had then *died*, it might, perhaps, have been thought by some, that the World had been deprived of *a great Philosopher*, and Learning sustained an invaluable loss, by the abortion of *so desired a piece*. But since that *Partus Montis* is come to light, and found to be no more than what little animals have brought forth, and that, *deformed* enough and *unamiable*, he might have sooner gone off the stage with more advantage than now he is like to do; such is the misfortune for a man to *outlive his reputation!*

By this time, perhaps, you may see cause to *pity* him while you see him *falling*. But if you consider him *tumbling headlong* from so

great a height, 'twill make some addition to that *compassion* which doth already begin to work. You are therefore next to consider, that when, upon the account of *Geometry*, he was unsafely mounted to that height of vanity, he did unhappily fall into the hands of two Mathematicians, who have used him so unmercifully, as would have put a person of *greater patience* into *passion*, and meeting with such a *temper*, have so discomposed him that he hath ever since *talked idly*: and to augment the grief, these Mathematicians were both Divines—he had rather have fallen by any other hand. These *Mathematical Divines* (a term which he had thought incomponible) began to unravel the wrong end; and while he thought they should have first *untiled the roof*, and by degrees gone downward, they strike at the *foundation*, and make the building tumble all at once; and that in such confusion, that by dashing one part against an-

other, they make each help to destroy the whole. They first fall upon his *last reserve*, and rout his *Mathematicks* beyond a possibility of *rallying*; and by *firing his magazine* upon the first assault, make his own weapons *fight against him.* Not contented herewith, they enter the *breach*, and pursue the *rout* through his Logics, Physics, Metaphysics, Theology, where they find all in confusion —"

This invective and irony from this celebrated Mathematician, so much out of the path of his habitual studies, might have proved a tremendous blow; but the genius of HOBBES was invulnerable to mere human opposition, unless accompanied by the supernatural terrors of penal fires or perpetual dungeons. Our hero received the whole discharge of this battering train, and stood immovable, while he returned the fire in

" Considerations upon the Reputation, Loyalty, Manners, and Religion, of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, written by way of Letter to a learned person, Dr. Wallis, 1662."

It is an extraordinary production—with a lofty indignation of his antagonist, he retorts on his feeble irony with keen and caustic accusations; and the green strength of youth was still seen in the old man whose head was covered with snows.

From this spirited apology for himself, I shall give some passages. HOBBES thus replied to Dr. WALLIS, who affected to consider the old man as a fit object for commiseration.

" You would make him contemptible, and move Mr. Boyle to pity him. This is a way of railing, too much beaten to be thought

witty: besides, 'tis no argument of your contempt, to spend upon him so many angry lines, as would have furnished you with a dozen of sermons. If you had in good earnest despised him, you would have let him alone, as he does Dr. Ward, Mr. Baxter, Pike, and others, that have reviled him as you do. As for his reputation beyond the seas, it fades not yet; and because perhaps you have no means to know it, I will cite you a passage of an epistle written by a learned Frenchman to an eminent person in France, in a volume of epistles."

HOBBES quotes the passage at length, in which his name appears joined with Galileo, Descartes, Bacon, and Gassendi.

In reply to WALLIS's sarcastic hint, of an idle person, to collect together HOBBES's arrogant and supercilious speeches applauding himself, under one title, *Hobbius de se*, he says,

"Let your idle person do it; Mr. HOBBES shall acknowledge them under his hand, and be commended for it, and you scorned. A certain Roman Senator having propounded something in the assembly of the people, which they, misliking, made a noise at, boldly bad them hold their peace, and told them he knew better what was good for the Commonwealth than all they; and his words are transmitted to us as an argument of his virtue; *so much do Truth and Vanity alter the complection of Self-praise.* You can have very little skill in Morality, that cannot see the justice of commending a man's self, as well as of any thing else, in his own defence; and it was want of prudence in you to constrain him to a thing that would so much displease you.

"When you make his *age* a reproach to him, and shew no cause that might impair the faculties of his mind, but only age, I admire how you saw not that you reproached all old

men in the world as much as him, and warranted all young men, at a certain time which they themselves shall define, to call you *Fool!* Your dislike of old age you have also otherwise sufficiently signified, in venturing so fairly as you have done to escape it. But that is no great matter to one that hath so many marks upon him of much greater reproaches. By Mr. HOBBES's calculation, that 'derives prudence from experience, and experience from age, you are a very young man; but by your own reckoning, you are older already than Methuselah."

"During the late trouble, who made both Oliver and the People mad, but the preachers of your principles? But besides the wickedness, see the folly of it. You thought to make them mad, but just to such a degree as should serve your own turn; that is to say, mad, and yet just as wise as yourselves. Were you not very imprudent to think to govern madness?" p. 15.

"The King was hunted as a partridge in the mountains, and though the hounds have been hanged, yet the hunters were as guilty as they, and deserved no less punishment. And the decypherers (WALLIS had decyphered the royal letters) and all that blew the horn, are to be reckoned among the hunters. Perhaps you would not have had the prey killed, but rather have kept it tame. And yet who can tell? I have read of few Kings deprived of their power by their own subjects, that have lived any long time after it, for reasons that every man is able to conjecture." p. 16.

He closes with a very odd image of the most cynical contempt.

"Mr. HOBBES has been always far from provoking any man, though, when he is provoked, you find his pen as sharp as your's. All you have said is error and railing; that is, *stinking wind*, such as a jade lets fly when he

is too hard girt upon a full belly. I have done. I have considered you now, but will not again, whatsoever preferment any of your friends shall procure you."

These were the pitched battles; but many skirmishes occasionally took place. HOBBES was even driven to a *ruse de guerre*. When he found his Mathematical character in the utmost peril, there appeared a pamphlet, intituled,

"Lux Mathematica, &c. or, Mathematical Light struck out from the clashings between Dr. John Wallis, Professor of Geometry in the celebrated University of Oxford (celeberrima Academia), and Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury; augmented with many and shining rays of the Author, R. R. 1672."

Here the victories of HOBBES are trumpeted forth; but the fact is, that R. R. should have been T. H. It was HOBBES's

own composition! R. R. stood for *Roseti Repertor*, that is, the finder of the Rosary, one of the titles of HOBBES's mathematical discoveries. WALLIS asserts, that this R. R. may still serve; for it may answer his own book, *Roseti Refutator*, or, the Refuter of the Rosary.

Poor HOBBES gave up the contest reluctantly; if, indeed, the controversy may not be said to have lasted all his life. He acknowledges he was writing to no purpose; and that the Medicine was obliged to yield to the Disease.

"Sed nil profeci, magnis authoribus Error
Fultus erat, cessit sic Medicina malo."

He seems to have gone down to the grave, in spite of all the reasonings of the Geometricians on this side of it, with a firm conviction, that its superficies had

both depth and thickness [E]. Such were the fruits of a great genius, entering into a province out of his own territories; and, though a most energetic reasoner, so little skilful in these new studies, that he could never know when he was confuted and refuted [F].

[E] The strange conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles concerning the *real quantity of matter*, and the *reality of space*, have been noticed by POPE, in a Note to the Dunciad.

"Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to *pure space* lifts her extatic stare;
Now running round *the Circle*, finds it *square*."
Dunciad, B. iv. v. 31.

[F] When all animosities had ceased, after the death of HOBBES, I find Dr. WALLIS, in a very temperate letter to TENISON, exposing the errors of HOBBES in mathematical studies; WALLIS acknowledging that Philology had never formed his

own pursuits, — in these he had never designed to oppose his superior genius; but HOBBES had too often turned his Mathematical into a Philological Controversy. WALLIS has made a just observation on the nature of mathematical truths: "HOBBES's argumentations are destructive in one part of what is said in another. This is more convincingly evident, and more unpardonable in Mathematics than in other discourses, which are things capable of cogent demonstration, and so evident, that though a good Mathematician may be subject to commit an error, yet one who understands but little of it, cannot but see a fault when it is shewed him."

WALLIS was an eminent genius in scientific pursuits. His art of decyphering letters was carried to amazing perfection; and, among other phenomena he discovered, was that of teaching a young man, born deaf and dumb, to speak plainly. He humourously observes, in one of his letters: "I am now employed upon another work, as hard, almost, as to make Mr. HOBBES understand Mathematics. It is, to teach a person dumb and deaf to speak, and to understand a language."

JONSON AND DECKER.

JONSON AND DECKER.

BEN JONSON *appears to have carried his Military spirit into the Literary Republic — his gross Conviviality, with Anecdotes of the prevalent taste, in that age, for Drinking-bouts — his "Poetaster" a sort of Dunciad, besides a personal attack on the frequenters of the Theatres, with Anecdotes — his Apologetical Dialogue, which the Town would not suffer to be repeated — Character of* DECKER, *under that of Crispinus —* DECKER'S *Satiromastix, a parody on* JONSON'*s Poetaster —* BEN *exhibited under the character of* Horace Junior—*Specimens of that Literary Satire; its dignified remonstrance, and the honourable applause bestowed on the great Bard — Some foibles in the literary habits of* BEN, *alluded to by* DECKER — JONSON'*s noble Reply to his Detractors and Rivals.*

THIS Quarrel is a splendid instance how Genius of the first order, by lavishing its satirical powers on a number of Contemporaries, will discover, among the crowd, some individual who may aim aright the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant: thus the greater genius shall be mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him.

After JONSON had produced his twins, of "Every Man in his Humour" and "Every Man out of his Humour," he appears to have usurped that Dictatorship, in the Literary Republic, which he so sturdily maintained, though long and hardily disputed. No Bard has more courageously foretold, that posterity would be interested in his labours; and often with very dig-

nified feelings, he casts this declaration into the teeth of his adversaries: but a bitter contempt of his Brothers and his Contemporaries was more vehement, than his affections for those who crowded under his wing. To his "Sons" and his admirers he was warmly attached; and no Poet has left behind him, in MS. so many testimonies of personal fondness, by inscriptions and addresses, in the copies of his works, which he presented to friends: of these, I have seen more than one, fervent and impressive.

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, who curiously minuted down the heads of their literary conference on the chief authors of the age, exposes the utter contempt BEN entertained of some spirits as noble as his own, but who had resisted his attempt at forming a Sect, to place BEN at their head.

The genius of JONSON was rough, hardy, and invincible, of which the frequent excess degenerated into ferocity; and by some traditional tales, this ferocity was still inflamed by large potations: for DRUMMOND informs us, "Drink was the element in which he lived [A]." Old BEN

[A] The gross convivialities of the times, from the age of Elizabeth, were remarkable for several circumstances. Hard-drinking was a foreign vice, imported by our military men on their return from the Netherlands: and the practice, of whose prevalence CAMDEN complains, was even brought to a kind of science. They had a dialect peculiar to their orgies.

JONSON's inclinations were too well suited to the prevalent taste, and he gave as largely into it as any of his Contemporaries. Tavern-habits were then, those of our Poets and Actors. BEN's "Leges Convivales," at the "Apollo;" and his "Humours," at "the Mermaid" and "the Devil," were doubtless one great cause of a small personal unhappiness, of

had given, on two occasions, some remarkable proofs of his personal intrepidity.

which he complains, and which had a very unlucky effect, in rendering a mistress so obdurate, who "through her eyes had stopt her ears." This was, as his own verse tells us,

"His Mountain-belly and his rocky face."

He weighed near twenty stone, according to Oldys's notes — an Elephant-Cupid! One of his "Sons," at the "Devil," seems to think that his "Cataline" could not fail to be a miracle, by a certain sort of inspiration which BEN used on the occasion.

"With strenuous sinewy words that Cataline swells,
I reckon it not among men-miracles.
How could that poem heat and vigour lack,
When each line oft cost BEN *a cup of sack?*"
R. Baron's Pocula Castalia, p. 113. 1650.

JONSON, in the Bacchic phraseology of the day, was "a Canary-bird." "He would (says AUBREY) many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved

When a soldier, in the face of both armies, he had fought single-handed with

liquor; then he would tumble home to bed; and, when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study."

Tradition, too, has sent down to us several Tavern-tales of "Rare Ben." A good-humoured one has been preserved of the first interview between Bishop CORBET, when a young man, and our great Bard. It occurred at a tavern, where CORBET was sitting alone. BEN, who had probably just drank up to the pitch of good fellowship, desired the waiter to take to the gentleman "a quart of *raw* wine; and tell him," he added, "I *sacrifice* my service to him."—"Friend," replied CORBET, "I thank him for his love; but tell him, from me, that he is mistaken; for *sacrifices are always burnt*."—This pleasant allusion to the mulled wine of the time, by the young Wit, could not fail to win the affection of the Master-Wit himself. Harl. MSS. 6395.

BEN is not viewed so advantageously, in an unlucky fit of ebriety recorded by OLDYS, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine; but his authority is not to me

his antagonist, had slain him, and carried off his arms as trophies. Another time he

of a suspicious nature: he had drawn it from a MS Collection of OLDISWORTH'S, who appears to have been a curious collector of the history of his times. He was secretary to that strange character, Philip Earl of Pembroke. It was the custom of those times to form collections of little traditional stories and other good things; and the MS. already quoted is one of these. There could be no bad motive in recording a tale, quite innocent in itself; and which is further confirmed by Isaac Walton, who, without alluding to the tale, notices that JONSON parted from Sir Walter Raleigh and his son, "not in cold blood." I mention this, because the Editor of Massinger, the first of our Commentators for sense, sagacity, and a poignant relish for the genius of that age, in his forthcoming Edition of JONSON, may perhaps not incline to credit the story. I know of no injury to BEN'S poetical character, in shewing that he was, like other men, quite incapable of taking care of himself, when he was sunk in the heavy sleep of drun-

killed his man in a fray; and this, as Sir Egerton Brydges notices, in one of those

kenness. It was an age when Kings, as our James I. and his Majesty of Denmark, were as often laid under the table, as their subjects. My motive for preserving the story, is the incident respecting *carrying men in baskets:* it was evidently a custom, which perhaps may have suggested the memorable adventure of Falstaff.

CAMDEN recommended JONSON to Sir WALTER RALEIGH, as a Tutor to his son, whose gay humours not brooking the severe studies of JONSON, took advantage of his foible, to degrade him in the eyes of his father, who, it seems, was remarkable for his abstinence from wine: though, if another tale be true, he was no common sinner in "the true Virginia." Young Raleigh contrived to give BEN a surfeit, which threw the Poet into a deep slumber; and then the Pupil maliciously procured a buck-basket, and a couple of men, who carried our BEN to Sir Walter, with a message, that "their young master had sent home his Tutor." There is nothing improbable in the story; for the circumstance of

curious Volumes, of which only a few copies issue from his private press, was MARLOW the poet. JONSON appears to have carried the same military spirit into the Literary Republic.

Such a Genius would become more tyrannical by success, and naturally provoked opposition, from the proneness of mankind to mortify usurped greatness, when they can securely do it. The man who hissed the Poet's play, had no idea that he might himself become one of the

carrying drunken men in baskets was an usual practice. In the Harleian MS. quoted above, I find more than one instance; I will give one. An Alderman, carried in *a porter's basket*, at his own door, is thrown out of it in a *qualmish* state. The man, to frighten away the passengers, and enable the grave Citizen to creep in unobserved, exclaims, That the man had *the falling sickness!*

dramatic personages. BEN then produced his "Poetaster," which has been called the Dunciad of those times; but it is a Dunciad without notes. The personages themselves are now only known by their general resemblance to Nature; with the exception of one character, that of *Crispinus* [B].

[B] Should this Poet hereafter, as I have been imperfectly told, be discovered not to be DECKER, but MARSTON, as I was not favoured with the evidence, I am not to be accountable for the error.—They were both town-wits, and cronies, of much the same stamp. With MARSTON, JONSON had once lived on the most friendly terms: afterwards, the great Poet quarrelled with both.

DRYDEN, in the Preface to his "Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco," in his quarrel with SETTLE, which has been sufficiently narrated by Dr. JOHNSON, felt, when poised against this miserable Rival, who had been merely set up by a party, to mortify the superior genius, as JONSON had felt when pitched against *Crispinus*. It is thus

In the "Poetaster," BEN, with flames too long smothered, burst over the heads

that literary history is so interesting to authors. — How often, in recording the fates of others, it reflects their own! "I knew indeed (says DRYDEN) that to write against him was to do him too great an honour; but I considered BEN JONSON had done it before to DECKER, our Author's predecessor, whom he chastised in his Poetaster, under the character of *Crispinus*." LANGBAINE tells us, the subject of the *Satiromastix* of DECKER, which I am to notice, was "the witty BEN JONSON;" and with this agree all the notices I have hitherto met with, respecting "the Horace Junior" of DECKER's Satiromastix. Mr. GILCHRIST has published two curious pamphlets on JONSON; and in the last, p. 56, he has shewn that DECKER was "the poet-ape of JONSON," and that he avenged himself under the character of *Crispinus*, in his Satiromastix: to which may be added, that the *Fannius*, in the same satirical Comedy, is probably his friend MARSTON.

To prove the great liberty JONSON allowed himself in *personal satire*, by which, doubtless, he rung

of all rivals and detractors. His enemies seem to have been among all classes;

an alarum to a waspish host, HOWEL mentions, that he lampooned *Inigo Jones*, the great machinist and architect, under the character of "Lanthorn-Leatherhead;" and *Sutton*, the founder of the Hospital, was *Volpone*, or the Fox. And that he condescended to bring obscure individuals on the Stage, appears, by his character of *Carlo Buffoon*, in "Every Man out of his Humour." He calls this "a second untruss," and was censured for having drawn it from personal revenge. The Aubrey papers, recently published, have given us the character of this *Carlo Buffoon*, "one Charles Chester, a bold impertinent fellow; and they could never be at quiet for him;—a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room. So one time, at a tavern, Sir Walter Raleigh beats him, and seals up his mouth; *i. e.* his upper and nether beard, with hard wax." P. 514. Such a character was no unfitting object for dramatic satire. Mr. GILCHRIST'S pamphlets defend JONSON from the frequent accusations raised against him for the freedom

personages recognised on the scene as soon as viewed; poetical, military, legal, and histrionic. It raised a host in arms.—JONSON wrote an apologetical Epilogue, breathing a firm spirit, worthy of himself; but its dignity was too haughty to be borne by Contemporaries, whom Genius must soothe by equality. The Town would never suffer this apologetical dialogue to be repeated; yet now we may do this with pleasure. Writings, like pic-

of his Muse, in such portraits after the life. Yet even our Poet himself does not deny their truth, while he excuses himself. In the Dedication of "The Fox" to the two Universities, he boldly asks, "Where have I been particular? Where personal? — Except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, buffoon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be taxed."— But, in this very play, the hero was *Sutton*. The mere list he here furnishes us with, would serve to enroll one of the "two-penny audiences" in the small theatres of that day.

tures, require a particular light, and distance, to be correctly judged and inspected, without any personal inconvenience.

One of the dramatic personages in this Epilogue enquires:

"I never saw the play breed all this tumult.
What was there in it could so deeply offend,
And stir so many hornets?"

The Author replies:

——————"I never writ that piece
More innocent, or empty of offence;
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall.

——————"Why, they say you tax'd
The Law and Lawyers, Captains, and the Players,
By their particular names,

——————"It is not so:
I used no names. My books have still been taught
To spare the persons, and to speak the vices."

And he proceeds to tell us, that to obviate this accusation, he had placed his scenes in the age of Augustus.

"To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great Master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then———— And by this time
I hoped at last they would sit down and blush."

But instead of their "sitting down and blushing," we find

"That they fly buzzing round about my nostrils;
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

Names were certainly not necessary to portraits, where every day the originals were standing by their side. This is the studied pleading of a Poet, who knows he is concealing the truth. But there is a passage, where JONSON discovers this truth, and withdraws the veil of apology; it gives the true cause of "the tumult."

Describing himself under the character of his favourite Horace, he says,

"Alas, Sir, Horace is a mere spunge. Nothing but humours and observations he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. He will pen all he knows. He will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest."

Such is the true picture of a Town-Wit's life! The age of Augustus was much less present to JONSON than his own; and Ovid,

Tibullus, and Horace, were not the personages he cared so much about, as "the Societies, in which he went up and down sucking in and squeezing himself dry:" the formal lawyers who were cold to his genius; the sharking captains, who would not draw to save their own swords, and would cheat "their friend, or their friend's friend," while they would bully down BEN's genius; and the little sycophant histrionic, "the two-penny [c] tear-mouth, copper-laced scoundrel, stiff-toe, who used to travel with thy pumps full of gravel after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet," and who now made a party with some rival of JONSON.

[c] Alluding, no doubt, to the price of seats at some of the minor theatres.

All these personages will account for "the tumult" which excites the innocent astonishment of our author. These only resisted him by "filling every ear with noise." But one of the "screaming grasshoppers held by the wings," boldly turned on the holder with a scorpion's bite; and DECKER, who had been lashed as CRISPINUS, now produced his "Satiromastix, or the untrussing of the humorous Poet;" a subordinate author, indeed; but, what must have been very galling to JONSON, who was the aggressor, indignation proved such an inspirer, that DECKER seemed to have caught some portion of his own genius, and JONSON had the art of making even DECKER popular; while he discovered that his own laurel wreath had been dexterously changed by the "Satiromastix" into a garland of stinging-nettles.

In "Poetaster," *Crispinus* is the picture of one of those impertinent fellows who resolve to become Poets, having an equal aptitude to become any thing that is in fashionable request. When Hermogenes, the finest singer in Rome, refused to sing, *Crispinus* gladly seizes the occasion, and whispers the lady near him — "Intreat the ladies to intreat me to sing, I beseech you." This character is marked by a ludicrous touch; but turning on an individual characteristic, it must have assisted the audience in the true application. Probably DECKER had some remarkable head of hair, and that his locks hung not like "the curls of Hyperion;" for the jeweller's wife admiring among the company, the persons of Ovid, Tibullus, &c. *Crispinus* acquaints her that they were Poets, and, since she admires them, promises to be-

come a Poet himself. The simple lady further inquires, "if when he is a Poet his looks will change? and particularly if his hair will change, and be like those gentlemen's?" "A man," observes *Crispinus*, "may be a Poet, and yet not change his hair." "Well!" exclaims the simple jeweller's wife, "we shall see your cunning; yet if you can change your hair, I pray do't."

In two elaborate scenes, poor DECKER stands for a full length. Resolved to be a Poet, he haunts the company of Horace: he meets him in the street, and discovers all the variety of his nothingness: he is a student, a stoic, an architect: every thing by turns, "and nothing long." Horace impatiently attempts to escape from him, but *Crispinus* foils him at all points. This affectionate admirer is even willing to go

over the world with him. He proposes an ingenious project, if Horace will introduce him to Mæcenas. *Crispinus* offers to become "his assistant," assuring him that "he would be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron;" and he thinks that Horace and himself "would soon lift out of favour Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves." The restlessness of Horace to extricate himself from this "Hydra of Discourse," the passing friends whom he calls on to assist him, and the glue-like pertinacity of *Crispinus*, are richly coloured.

A ludicrous and exquisitely satirical scene occurs at the trial of *Crispinus* and his colleagues. JONSON has here introduced an invention, which a more recent Satirist so happily applied to the modern

Lexiphanes, for his vast polysyllables. Horace is allowed by Augustus, to make *Crispinus* swallow a certain pill; the light vomit discharges a great quantity of hard matter, to clear

"His brain and stomach of their tumourous heats."

These consist of certain affectations in style, and adulterations of words, which offended the Horatian taste: "the basin" is called quickly for, and *Crispinus* gets rid easily of some, but others were of more difficult passage.—

"Magnificate!" that came up somewhat hard!
"Barmy froth!"
Augustus. What's that?
Crispinus. "Inflate! — Turgidous! — and
Ventositous" — now are come up!
Tibullus. O terrible windy words!
Gallus. A sign of a windy brain."

But all was not yet over: "Prorumpt" made a terrible rumbling, as if his spirit was to have gone with it; and there were others which required all the kind assistance of the Horatian "light vomit." This satirical scene closes with some literary admonitions from the grave Virgil, who details to *Crispinus* the wholesome diet to be observed after his surfeits, which have filled

"His blood and brain thus full of crudities."

Virgil's counsels to the vicious Neologist, who debases the purity of English diction by affecting new words or phrases, may too frequently be applied.

"You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet

Some Gallo-Belgick phrase, you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damnified, if you do leave it out
When not the sense could well receive it."

Virgil adds something which breathes all the haughty spirit of BEN: he commands *Crispinus*:

——— "Henceforth, learn
To bear yourself more humbly, nor to swell
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright."

and dismisses him

"To some dark place, removed from company;
He will talk idly else after his physic."

"The Satiromastix" may be considered as a parody on "Poetaster." JONSON,

with classical taste, had raised his scene in the court of Augustus; DECKER, with great unhappiness, places it in that of William Rufus. The interest of the piece now arises from the dexterity with which DECKER has accommodated those very characters which JONSON had satirised in his "Poetaster." This gratified those who came every day to the theatre, delighted to take this mimetic revenge on the Arch-Bard.

In DECKER's prefatory address "To the World," he observes, "Horace haled his Poetasters to the bar [D]; the Poetasters untrussed Horace: Horace made himself believe that his Burgonian wit [E] might

[D] Alluding to the trial of the Poetasters, which takes place before Augustus and his poetical jury of Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, &c. in BEN's play.

[E] DECKER alludes here to the bastard of Bur-

desperately challenge all comers, and that none durst take up the foils against him." But DECKER is the Earl Rivers! He had been blamed for the personal attacks on JONSON; for "whipping his fortunes and condition of life; where the more noble reprehension had been of his mind's deformity:" but for this he retorts on BEN. Another had censured DECKER for barrenness of invention, in bringing on those characters in his own play whom JONSON had stigmatised; but "it was not improper," he says, "to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worry others." DECKER warmly concludes with defying the Jonsonians.

gundy, who considered himself unmatchable, till he was overthrown in Smithfield by Woodville Earl Rivers.

"Let that mad dog Detraction bite till his teeth be worn to the stumps; Envy, feed thy snakes so fat with poison till they burst; World, let all thy adders shoot out their Hydra-headed forked stings! I thank thee, thou true Venusian Horace, for these good words thou givest me. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*"

The whole address is spirited. DECKER became a very popular writer, whose numerous tracts, more than his own dramatic works, exhibit to posterity a more detailed narrative of the manners of the town in the Elizabethan age, than is elsewhere to be found.

Horace junior, is first exhibited in his study, rehearsing to himself an Ode: suddenly the Pindaric rapture is interrupted by the want of a rhime; this too is satirically applied to an unlucky line of BEN'S own. One of his "sons," Asinius Bulbo,

who is blindly worshipping his great Idol, or "his Ningle," as he calls him, amidst all his admiration, perpetually breaks out, by the digressive accounts he gives Horace of what sort of a man his friends take him to be. For One, Horace in wrath prepares an Epigram; and for *Crispinus* and *Fannius*, brother-bards [F], who threaten "they'll bring your Life and Death on the stage, as a bricklayer in a play," he says, "he can bring a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies." "Ay," replies Asinius, "and all men of my rank!" *Crispinus*, Horace calls "a light voluptuous reveller,"

[F] These names, I imagine, designate DECKER and MARSTON, once friends of JONSON; and perhaps the character of *Crispinus*, in "Poetaster," is compounded of *both*—which would explain the new discovery noticed at p. 132.

and *Fannius* "the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet." Both enter, and Horace receives them with all friendship.

The scene is here conducted not without skill. Horace complains, that

——— "when I dip my pen
In distill'd roses, and do strive to drain
Out of mine ink all gall —
Mine enemies, with sharp and searching eyes,
Look through and through me.
And when my lines are measured out as straight
As even parallels, 'tis strange, that still,
Still some imagine that they 're drawn awry.
The errour is not mine, but in their eye,
That cannot take proportions."

To the querulous Satirist, *Crispinus* eplies with dignified gravity.

"Horace! to stand within the shot of galling tongues

Proves not your guilt; for, could we write
on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven,
the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise
men know
That some would shake the head, tho' saints
should sing:
Some snakes must hiss, because they 're
born with stings.
——————— Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and
smooth,
Be screw'd awry, made crooked, lame, and
vile,
By racking comments. ——
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
But when your *dastard wit will strike at men*
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to
heart

If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core."——

At this the galled Horace winces. *Crispinus* continues, that it is in vain Horace swears, that

——————— " he puts on
The office of an executioner,
Only to strike off the swoln head of sin,
Where'er you find it standing. Say you swear,
And make damnation, parcel of your oath,
That when your lashing jests make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none — Court, City, Country, Friends,
Foes, all must smart alike."——

Fannius, too, joins, and shews BEN the absurd oaths he takes, when he swears to all parties, that he does not mean them.

How, then, of five hundred and four, five hundred

"Should all point with their fingers in one instant,
At one and the same man?"

Horace is awkwardly placed, between these two friendly Remonstrants, to whom he promises perpetual love.

Captain Tucca, a dramatic personage in JONSON's "Poetaster," and a copy of his own Bobadil, whose original the Poet had found at "Powles," the fashionable lounge of that day, is here continued with the same spirit; and as that character allowed, by the extravagance of its ribaldry, is now made the vehicle for those more personal retorts, exhibiting the secret history of BEN, which perhaps twitted the great Bard more than the keenest wit, or the most solemn admonition of DECKER,

sometimes attains to. JONSON had, with unheard of cruelty, sarcastically touched on DECKER being out at elbows, and made himself too merry with the miseries of the histrionic tribe: he, who was himself a Poet and a Thespian! The blustering Captain thus attacks our corpulent Wit:—"Do'st stare, my Saracen's head at Newgate? I'll march through thy Dunkirk guts, for shooting jests at me." He insists that as Horace, "that sly knave, whose shoulders were once seen lap'd in a player's old cast cloak," and who had reflected on *Crispinus's* satin doublet being ravelled out; that he should wear one of *Crispinus's* "old cast sattin suits," and that *Fannius* should write a couple of scenes for his own "strong garlic comedies, and Horace should swear they were his own—he would easily bear "the guilt of con-

science." "Thy Muse is but a hagler, and wears clothes upon best-be-trust (a humorous Deckerian phrase) — thou 'rt *great* in somebody's books for this!" Did it become JONSON to gibe at the histrionic tribe, who is himself accused of "treading the Stage, as if he were treading mortar [G]." He once put up

"a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that thou couldst not set *a good face* upon 't. Thou hast forgot how thou amblest in leather-pilch, by a play-waggon in the highway; and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the Mimics, &c."

[G] Horace acknowledges he played Zulziman at Paris-garden. "Sir Vaughan. Then, Master Horace, you played the part of an honest man ——"

Tucca exclaims: "Death of Hercules! he could never play that part well in 's life!"

BEN's person was, indeed, not gracious in the playfulness of Love or Fancy. A Female, here, thus delineates BEN:

"That same Horace has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet-apple, when 'tis bruised. It's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose, and talks and rants like the poor fellows under Ludgate — to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets."

Again, we have BEN's face compared with that of his favourite, Horace's —

"You staring Leviathan! look on the sweet visage of Horace; look, parboil'd face, look — he has not his face puncht full of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan."——

Joseph Warton has oddly remarked that most of our Poets were handsome

men. JONSON, however, was not poetical on that score; though his bust is said to resemble Menander's.

Such are some of the personalities with which DECKER recriminated.

Horace is thrown into many ludicrous situations. He is told that "Admonition is good meat." Various persons bring forward their accusations; and Horace replies, that they envy him,

"Because I hold more worthy company."

The greatness of BEN's genius is by no means denied by his Rivals; and DECKER makes *Fannius* reply, with noble feelings, and in an elevated strain of poetry—

"Good Horace, no! my cheeks do blush for thine,
As often as thou speakst so; where one true

And nobly virtuous sp'rit, for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one, ten; even from
my heart!
I make account, I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth
earns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy.
No, here the gall lies: — We, that know
what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can
give life
To thy, once dying, baseness; yet must we
Dance anticke on your paper ——.
But were thy warp'd soul put in a new
mould,
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

To which one adds, that "jewels, master Horace, must be hanged, you know."— This "Whip of Men," with Asinius his

admirer, are brought to Court, transformed into satyrs, and bound together; "not lawrefied, but nettle-fied;" crowned with a wreath of nettles.

"With stinging-nettles crown his stinging wit."

Horace is called on to swear, after Asinius had sworn to give up his "Ningle."

"Now, master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer; for your oath must be, like your wits, of many colours; and like a broker's book, of many parcels."

Horace offers to swear till his hair stands up on end, to be rid of this sting. "Oh, this sting!" alluding to the nettles. "'Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?" asks one. In the inventory of his oaths, there is poignant satire, with strong humour;

and probably exhibit some foibles in the literary habits of old BEN.

He swears

"Not to hang himself, even if he thought any man could write plays as well as himself; not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests stolen from the Temple's Revels; not to sit in a gallery, when your comedies have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make men have an eye to you, and to make players afraid; not to venture on the Stage, when your play is ended, and exchange courtesies and compliments with gallants, to make all the house rise and cry—That's Horace! that's he that pens and purges humours. When you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poor couple, that is to say, your Wits and Necessities; alias, a Poet's Whitsun-ale; you shall swear, that, within three days after, you shall not abroad, in bookbinder's shops

brag, that your viceroys, or tributary-kings, have done homage to you, or paid quarterage. Moreover, when a knight gives you his passport, to travel in and out to his company, and gives you money for God's sake; you will swear, not to make scald and wry-mouth jests upon his knighthood. When your plays are misliked at Court, you shall not cry Mew! like a puss-cat, and say, you are glad you write out of the courtier's element;—and in brief, when you sup in taverns, amongst your betters, you shall swear not to dip your manners in too much sauce; nor, at table, to fling epigrams, or play-speeches about you."

The King observes, that

——————— "He whose pen
Draws both corrupt and clear blood from all men
Careless what vein he pricks; let him not rave
When his own sides are strúck; blows, blows do crave."

Such were the bitter apples JONSON plucked from the tree of his broad satire, that branched over all ranks in society. That even his intrepidity and hardiness felt the incessant attacks he had raised about him, would appear from the close of the Apologetical Epilogue; where, though he replies with all the consciousness of genius, and all its haughtiness, he closes, however, with a determination to give over the composition of Comedies!

"*Friend.* Will you not answer then the Libels?

Author. No.

Friend. Nor the Untrussers?

Author. Neither.

Friend. You are undone, then.

Author. With whom?

Friend. The World.

Author. The bawd!

Friend. It will be taken to be stupidity or tameness in you.

Author. But they that have incensed me, can in soul
Acquit me of that guilt. They know I dare
To spurn or baffle them; or squirt their eyes
With ink or urine: or I could do worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus' fury, write Iambicks,
Would make the desperate lashers hang themselves."——

His Friend tells him that he is accused, that "all his writing is mere railing;" which JONSON nobly compares to "the salt in the old Comedy:" that he is slow, and "scarce brings forth a play a year."

"*Author.* ——————'tis true,
I would they could not say that I did that.

He is angry that their

——— "base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, oppos'd
To the stufft nostrils of the drunken rout!"—

And then exclaims, with admirable enthusiasm —

"O this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things, that were born, when none but the still night,
And the dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."——

And again, alluding to these mimics —

"This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes

With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails [H]. But I leave the monsters
To their own fate. And since the Comic Muse

[H] Among those arts of imitation which Man has derived from the practice of animals, Naturalists assure us that he owes *the use of Clysters* to the Egyptian Ibis. There are some who pretend this medicinal invention comes from the Stork. The French are more like *Ibises* than we are; *ils se donnent des lavemens eux-memes.* But as it is rather uncertain what the Egyptian *Ibis* is; whether, as translated in Leviticus xi. 17. the Cormorant, or a species of Stork, or only "a great Owl," as we find in Calmet; it would be safest to attribute the invention to the unknown bird. I recollect, in Wickliffe's version of the Pentateuch, which I once saw in MS. in the possession of my valued friend, Mr. Douce, that that venerable Translator interpolates a little, to tell us that the Ibis "giveth to herself a purge."

Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If Tragedy have a more kind aspect.
Leave me! There's something come into
my thought
That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
Safe from the Wolf's black jaw, and the
dull Ass's hoof.
Friend. I reverence these raptures, and
obey them."

Such was the noble strain in which JONSON replied to his detractors in the town, and to his rivals about him. Yet this Poem, composed with all the dignity and force of the Bard, the Town would not suffer to be repeated. But JONSON, in preserving it in his Works, sends it "TO POSTERITY, that it may make a difference between their manners that provoked me then, and mine that neglected them ever."

CAMDEN AND BROOKE.

CAMDEN AND BROOKE.

Literary, like Political History, is interested in the cause of an obscure individual, when deprived of his just rights. — Character of CAMDEN. — BROOKE'S *"Discovery of Errors" in the Britannia. — His work disturbed in the printing—afterwards enlarged, but never suffered to be published. — Whether* BROOKE'S *motive was personal rancour? — The persecuted author becomes vindictive — his keen reply to* CAMDEN — CAMDEN'S *beautiful picture of Calumny. —* BROOKE *furnishes a humorous companion-piece. —* CAMDEN'S *want of magnanimity and justice. — When great authors are allowed to suppress the works of their adversary, the Public receives the injury and the insult.*

IN the Literary, as well as the Political, Commonwealth, the cause of an obscure

individual violently deprived of his just rights, is a common one. We protest against the power of Genius itself, when it strangles, rather than wrestles with his adversary, or combats in mail, against a naked man. The general interests of Literature are involved by the illegitimate suppression of one work, of which the purpose is to correct another, whatever may be the invective which accompanies the correction: nor are we always to assign to malignant motives even this spirit of invective, which, though it betrays a little genius, may also shew the earnestness of an honest one.

The Quarrel between CAMDEN, the great author of the Britannia, and BROOKE, the York Herald, may illustrate these principles. It has hitherto been told to the shame of the inferior genius; but the history of

BROOKE was imperfectly known to his contemporaries. Crushed by oppression, his tale was marred in the telling. A century sometimes passes away before the world can discover the truth even of a private history!

BROOKE is aspersed as a man of the meanest talents, insensible to the genius of CAMDEN, rankling with envy at his fame, and correcting the Britannia from mere spite.

When the history of BROOKE is known, and his labours fairly estimated, we shall blame him much less than he has been blamed; and censure CAMDEN, who has escaped all censure, and whose conduct, in the present instance, was destitute of all magnanimity and justice.

The character of the author of "Britannia" is great; and this error of his feelings,

now first laid to his charge, may be attributed as much to the weakness of the age, as to his own extreme timidity, and perhaps a little pride. Conscious as was CAMDEN of enlarged views, we can easily pardon him for the contempt he felt, when he compared them with the subordinate ones of his cynical adversary.

CAMDEN possessed one of those strongly-directed minds, which early in life, plan some vast labour, while their imagination and their industry feed on it for many successive years; and they shed the flower and sweetness of their lives in the preparation of a work which at its maturity excites the gratitude of their nation. His passion for our national antiquities discovered itself even in his school-days, grew up with him at the University, and, when afterwards engaged in his public duties as

Master at Westminster School, he there composed his Britannia, "at spare hours, and on festival days." To the perpetual care of his work, he voluntarily sacrificed all other views in life, and even drew himself away from domestic pleasures; for he refused marriage and preferments, which might interrupt his beloved studies! The work, at length produced, received all the admiration due to so great an enterprize; and even foreigners, as the work was composed in the universal language of learning, could sympathize with Britons, when they contemplated the stupendous labour. CAMDEN was honoured by the titles (for the very names of illustrious genius become such) of the Varro, the Strabo, and the Pausanias, of Britain.

While all Europe admired the Britannia, a cynical genius, whose mind seemed

bounded by his confined studies, detected one error amidst the noble views the mighty volume embraced; the single one perhaps he could perceive, and for which he stood indebted to his office as York Herald. CAMDEN, in an appendage to the end of each county, had committed numerous genealogical errors, which he afterwards affected, in his defence, to consider as trivial matters in so great a history, and treats his adversary with all the contempt and bitterness he could inflict on him; but RALPH BROOKE entertained very high notions of the importance of Heraldical studies, and conceived that the "Schoolmaster" CAMDEN, as he considered him, had incroached on the rights and honours of his College of Heralds. When particular objects engage our studies, we are apt to raise them in the scale of excellence to a degree dis-

proportioned to their real value; and are thus liable to incur ridicule. But it should be considered, that many useful students are not philosophers, and the pursuits of their lives are never ridiculous to them. It is not the interest of the Public to degrade this class too low. Every species of study contributes to the perfection of human knowledge, by that universal bond which connects them all, in a philosophical mind.

BROOKE prepared "A Discovery of certain Errors in the much-commended Britannia." When we consider BROOKE's character, as headstrong with heraldry as Don Quixote's with romances of chivalry, we need not attribute his motives (as CAMDEN himself, with the partial feelings of an author, does, and subsequent writers echo) to his envy at CAMDEN's promotion to be Clarenceux King of Arms; for it

appears, that BROOKE began his Work before this promotion. The indecent excesses of his pen, with the malicious charges of plagiarism he brings against CAMDEN, for the use he made of Leland's collections, only shew the insensibility of the mere Heraldist to the nobler genius of the Historian. Yet BROOKE had no ordinary talents: his Work is still valuable for his own peculiar researches; but his *naïve* shrewdness, his pointed precision, the bitter invective, and the caustic humour of his cynical pen, give an air of originality, if not of genius, which no one has dared to notice. BROOKE's first work against CAMDEN was violently disturbed in its progress, and hurried, in a mutilated state, into the world, without licence or a publisher's name. Thus impeded, and finally crushed, the howl of persecution followed his name;

and subsequent writers servilely traced his character from their partial predecessors.

But BROOKE, though denied the fair freedom of the Press, and a victim to the powerful connections of CAMDEN, calmly pursued his silent labour with great magnanimity. He wrote his "Second Discovery of Errors," an enlargement of the first. This he carefully finished for the Press, but could never get published. The secret history of the Controversy may be found here [A].

[A] This Work was not given to the Public till 1724, a small quarto, with a fine portrait of BROOKE. More than a century had elapsed since its forcible suppression. Anstis printed it from the fair MS. which BROOKE had left behind him. The Author's paternal affection seemed fondly to imagine its child might be worthy of posterity, though calumniated by its contemporaries.

BROOKE had been loudly accused of indulging a personal rancour against CAMDEN, and the motive of his Work was attributed to envy of his great reputation; a charge constantly repeated.

Yet this does not appear; for when BROOKE first began his "Discovery of Errors," he did not design its publication; for he liberally offered CAMDEN his Observations and Collections. They were fastidiously, perhaps haughtily, rejected, on this pernicious and false principle, that to correct his errors in Genealogy might discredit the whole Work. On which absurdity BROOKE shrewdly remarks — "As if healing the sores would have maimed the body." He speaks with more humility on this occasion than an insulted, yet a skilful writer, was likely to do, who had his

labours considered, as he says, "worthy neither of thanks nor acceptance."

"The Rat is not so contemptible, but he may help the Lion, at a pinch, out of those nets wherein his strength is hampered; and the words of an inferior may often carry matter in them to admonish his superior of some important consideration; and surely, of what account soever I might have seemed to this learned man, yet, in respect to my profession and courteous offer, (I being an Officer of Arms, and he then but a Schoolmaster), might well have vouchsafed the perusal of my Notes."

When he published, our Herald stated the reasons of writing against CAMDEN with good humour, and rallies him on his "incongruity in his principles of Heraldry — for which I challenge him! — for depriving some Nobles of issue to succeed them, who had issue, of whom are descended many worthy families; denying Barons and Earls that were, and

making Barons and Earls of others that were not; mistaking the son for the father, and the father for the son; affirming legitimate children to be illegitimate, and illegitimate to be legitimate; and framing incestuous and unnatural marriages, making the father to marry the son's wife, and the son his own mother."

He treats CAMDEN with the respect due to his genius, while he judiciously distinguishes where the greatest ought to know to yield.

"The most abstruse arts I profess not, but yield the palm and victory to mine adversary, that great learned Mr. Camden; with whom, yet, a long experimented Navigator may contend about his Chard and Compass, about Havens, Creeks, and Sounds; so I, an ancient Herald, a little dispute, without imputation of audacity, concerning the honour of arms, and the truth of honourable descents."——

BROOKE had seen, as he observes, in four editions of the Britannia, a continued race of errors, in false descents, &c. and he continues, with a witty allusion: —

"Perceiving, that even the brains of many learned men beyond the seas had misconceived and miscarried in the travail and birth of their relations, being gotten, as it were, with child (as Diomedes's mares) by the blasts of his erroneous puffs; I could not but a little question the original father of their absurdities, being so far blown, with the trumpet of his learning and fame, into foreign lands."

He proceeds with instances of several great Authors on the Continent having been misled by the statements of CAMDEN.

Thus largely have I quoted from BROOKE, to shew, that at first he never appears to have been influenced by the mean envy, or the personal rancour, of

which he is constantly accused. As he proceeded in his work, which occupied him several years, his reproaches are whetted with a keener edge, and his accusations are less generous. But to whom are we to attribute this? To the contempt and persecution BROOKE so long endured from CAMDEN: these acted on his vexed and degraded spirit, till it burst into the excesses of a man heated with injured feelings.

When CAMDEN took his station in the Heralds' College with BROOKE, whose offers of his Notes he had refused to accept, they soon found what it was for two authors to live under the same roof, who were impatient to write against each other. The cynical York, at first, would twit the new King of Arms, perpetually affirming that "his predecessor was a more able

herald than any who lived in this age;" a truth, indeed, acknowledged by DUGDALE. On this occasion, once, the King of Arms gave malicious York "the lie!" reminding the crabbed Herald of "his own learning, who, as a scholar, was famous through all the provinces of Christendom."—"So that (adds BROOKE) now I learnt, that before him, when we speak in commendation of any other, to say, I must always except Plato."—CAMDEN would allow of no private communication between them; and in "*Sermonibus Convivalibus*," in his table-talk, "the heat and height of his spirit" often scorched the contemned Yorkist, whose rejected "Discovery of Errors" had no doubt been too frequently enlarged, after such rough convivialities. BROOKE now resolved to print; but, in printing the work, the press was disturbed, and his

house was entered by "this learned man, his friends, and the Stationers." The latter were alarmed for the sale of the Britannia, which might have been injured by this rude attack. The Work was therefore printed in an unfinished state: part was intercepted; and the Author stopped, by authority, from proceeding any farther.—Some imperfect copies got abroad.

The treatment the exasperated BROOKE now incurred, was more provoking than CAMDEN's refusal of his Notes, and the haughtiness of his "Sermonibus Convivalibus." The imperfect Work was, however, laid before the Public, so that CAMDEN could not refuse to notice its grievous charges. He composed an angry reply in Latin, addressed *ad Lectorem!* (to the Reader!) and never mentioning BROOKE by name, contemptuously alludes to him

only by a *Quidam* and an *Iste* (a certain Person, and He!) — "He considers me (cries the mortified BROOKE, in his second suppressed Work) as an *Individuum vagum*, and makes me but a *Quidam* in his pamphlet, standing before him as a schoolboy, while he whips me. Why does he reply in Latin to an English accusation? He would disguise himself in his school-rhetoric; wherein, like the cuttle-fish, being stricken, he thinks to hide and shift himself away, in the ink of his Rhetoric. I will clear the waters again."

He fastens on CAMDEN's former occupation, virulently accusing him of the manners of a pedagogue :— "A man may perceive an immoderate and eager desire of vain glory growing in hand, ever since he used to teach and correct children for these things, according to the opinion of some,

in mores et naturam abeunt." He complains of "the school-hyperboles" which CAMDEN exhausts on him, among which BROOKE is compared to "the strumpet Leontion," who wrote against "the divine Theophrastus." To this BROOKE keenly replies:

"Surely, had Theophrastus dealt with women's matters, a woman, though mean, might in reason have contended with him. A King must be content to be laughed at, if he come into Apelles's shop, and dispute about colours and portraiture. I am not ambitious nor envious to carp at matters of higher learning than matters of heraldry, which I profess; that is the slipper, wherein I know a slip when I find it. But see your cunning; you can, with the blur of your pen, dipped in copperas and gall, make me learned and unlearned; nay, you can almost change my sex, and make me a whore, like Leontion;

and, taking your silver pen again, make yourself the divine Theophrastus."

At the close of CAMDEN'S answer, he has introduced the allegorical picture of Calumny, that elegant invention of the Grecian fancy of Apelles, painted by him when suffering under the false accusations of a Rival. The picture is described by Lucian; but it has received many happy touches from the classical hand of the Master of Westminster School. As a literary satire, he applies it with great dignity. I shall preserve the original Latin in the Note, as CAMDEN'S Reply to BROOKE is not easily to be procured.

"But though I am not disposed to waste more words on these, and this sort of men, yet I cannot resist the temptation of adding a slight sketch, for I cannot give that vivacity of colouring of the picture of the great artist

Apelles, that our Antiphilus [B], and the like, whose ears are ever open to Calumny,

[B] " Verum enimverò de his et hoc genere hominum ne verbum amplius addam, tabellam tamen summi illius artificis Apellis, cùm colorum vivacitate depingere non possim, verbis leviter adumbrabo et proponam, ut Antiphilus noster, suique similes, et qui calumniis credunt, hanc, et in hac seipsos semel simulque intueantur.

" Ad dextram sedet quidam, quia credulus, auribus prælongis insignis, quales ferè illæ Midæ feruntur. Manum porrigit procul accedenti CALUMNIÆ. Circumstant eum mulierculæ duæ, IGNORANTIA ac SUSPICIO. Adit aliunde propiùs CALUMNIA eximiè compta, vultu ipso et gestu corporis efferens rabiem, et iram æstuanti conceptam pectore præ se ferens: sinistra facem tenens flammantem, dextra secum adolescentem capillis arreptum, manus ad superos tendentem, obtestantémque immortalium deorum fidem, trahit. Anteit vir pallidus, in speciem impurus, acie oculorum minimè hebeti, cæterùm planè iis similis, qui gravi aliquo morbo contabuerunt. Hic LIVOR est, ut facilè conjicias. Quin,

may, in contemplating it, find a reflection of themselves.

"On the right hand sits a man, who, to shew his credulity, is remarkable for his prodigious ears, similar to those of Midas. He extends his hand, to greet CALUMNY, who is approaching him. The two diminutive females around him, are IGNORANCE and SUSPICION. Opposite to them, CALUMNY advances, betraying, in her countenance and gesture, the savage rage and anger working in her tempestuous breast: her left hand holds a flaming torch; while, with her right, she drags by the hair a youth, who, stretching his uplifted hands to

et mulierculæ aliquot INSIDIÆ et FALLACIÆ ut comites CALUMNIAM comitantur. Harum est munus, dominam hortari, instruere, comere, et subornare. A tergo, habitu lugubri, pullato, laceróque PŒNITENTIA subsequitur, quæ capite in tergum deflexo, cum lachrymis, ac pudore procul venientem VERITATEM agnoscit, et excipit."

Heaven, is calling on the immortal powers to bear testimony to his innocence. She is preceded by a man, of a pallid and impure appearance, seemingly wasting away under some severe disease, except that his eye sparkles, and has not the dullness usual to such. That ENVY is here meant, you readily conjecture. Some diminutive females, FRAUDS and DECEITS, attend her as companions, whose office is to encourage and instruct, and studiously to adorn their mistress. In the back-ground, REPENTANCE, sadly arrayed in a mournful, worn-out, and ragged garment, who with averted head, with tears and shame, acknowledges and prepares to receive TRUTH, approaching from a distance."

This elegant picture, so happily introduced into a piece of literary controversy, appears to have only slightly affected the mind of BROOKE, which was probably of

too stout a grain to take the folds of Grecian drapery. Instead of sympathising with its elegance, he breaks out into a horse-laugh; and, what is quite unexpected among such grave enquiries, into a ludicrous tale in verse, which, though it has no elegance, has humour in the application, where he maliciously insinuates that CAMDEN had appropriated to his own use, or "new-coated his Britannia" with LELAND's MSS. and disguised what he had stolen.

"Now, to shew himself as good a Painter as he is a Herald, he propounded, at the end of his book, a Table (*i. e.* a picture) of his own invention, being nothing comparable to Apelles, as he himself confesseth, and we believe him; for, like the rude painter, that was fain to write, 'This is a Horse,' upon his painted horse, he writes upon his picture the names of all that

furious rabble therein expressed; — which, for to requite him, I will return a tale of John Fletcher (some time of Oxford) and his horse. Neither can this fable be any disparagement to his table, being more ancient and authenticall, and far more conceipted, than his envious picture. And thus it was: —

A TALE (NOT OF A ROASTED) BUT OF A PAINTED HORSE.

John Fletcher, famous, and a man well known,
But using not his sirname's trade alone *,
Did hackney out poor jades for common hire,
Not fit for any pastime, but to tire.
His conscience, once, surveying his jade's stable,
Prick'd him, for keeping horses so unable.
Oh why should I, saith John, by scholars thrive,
For jades that will not carry, lead, nor drive.

* A *Fletcher* is a maker of bows and arrows. Ash.

To mend the matter, out he starts, one night,
And having spied a palfrey somewhat white,
He takes him up, and up he mounts his back,
Rides to his house, and there he turns him black;

Marks him in forehead, feet, in rump, and crest,
As coursers mark those horses which are best.
So neatly John had colour'd every spot,
That the right owner sees him, knows him not.

Had he but feather'd his new-painted beast,
He would have seemed Pegasus at least.
Who but John Fletcher's horse, in all the town,
Amongst all hackney, purchased this renown?

But see the luck; John Fletcher's horse, one night,
By rain was wash'd again almost to white.
His first right owner, seeing such a change,
Thought he should know him, but his hue was strange!

But eying him, and spying out his steed,
By flea-bit spots of his now washed weed,
Seizes the horse; so Fletcher was attainted,
And did confess the horse — he stole and painted.

To close with honour to BROOKE; in his graver moments, he warmly repels the accusation CAMDEN raised against him, as an enemy to learning, and appeals to many learned scholars, who had tasted of his liberality at the Universities, towards their maintenance; but, in an elevated tone, he asserts his right to deliver his animadversions as York-herald.

"I know (says BROOKE) the great advantage my Adversary has over me, in the received opinion of the world. If some will blame me for that my writings carry some characters of spleen against him, men of pure affections, and not partial, will think reason that he

should, by ill hearing, lose the pleasure he conceived by ill speaking. But since I presume not to understand above that which is meet for me to know, I must not be discouraged, nor fret myself, because of the malicious; for I find myself seated upon a rock, that is sure from tempests and waves, from whence I have a prospect into his errors and waverings. I do confess his great worth and merit, and that we Britons are in some sort beholding to him; and might have been much more, if God had lent him the grace to have played the faithful steward, in the talent committed to his trust and charge."

Such was the dignified and the intrepid reply of RALPH BROOKE, a man whose name is never mentioned without an epithet of reproach; and who, in his own day, was hunted down, and not suffered, vindictive as he was, no doubt, to relieve

his bitter and angry spirit, by pouring it forth to the public eye.

But the story is not yet closed. CAMDEN, who wanted the magnanimity to endure with patient dignity the corrections of an inferior genius, had the wisdom, with the meanness, silently to adopt his useful corrections, but would never confess the hand which had brought them [c].

Thus has RALPH BROOKE told his own tale undisturbed, and, after the lapse of more than a century, the Press has been opened to him. Whenever a great author

[c] In ANSTIS's Edition of "A Second Discoverie of Errors in the much commended Britannia, &c. 1724." the Reader will find all the passages in the Britannia of the Edition of 1594; to which BROOKE made exceptions, placed column-wise, with the following Edition of it in 1600. It is, as ANSTIS observes, a debt to Truth, without making any reflections.

is suffered to gagg the mouth of his adversary, Truth receives the insult. But there is another point, more essential to inculcate in Literary Controversy. Ought we to look too scrupulously into the motives which may induce an inferior author to detect the error of another? A man from no amiable motive may perform a proper action: RITSON was useful after WARTON; nor have we a right to ascribe it to such concealed motives, which, after all, may be doubtful. In the present instance, our much abused RALPH BROOKE first appears to have composed his elaborate work from the most honourable motives: the offer he made of his Notes to CAMDEN seems a sufficient evidence. The pride of a great man first led CAMDEN into an error, and that error plunged him into all the barbarity of persecution; thus, by force, co-

vering his folly. BROOKE over-valued his studies: it is the nature of those peculiar minds, adapted to excel in such contracted pursuits. He undertook an ungracious office, and he has suffered, by being placed by the side of the illustrious Genius with whom he has so skilfully combated, in his own province; and thus he has endured contempt, without being contemptible. The Public are not less the debtors to such unfortunate, yet intrepid Authors [D].

[D] There is a sensible observation in the old Biographia Britannica, on BROOKE. "From the splenetic attack originally made by Rafe Brooke upon the Britannia, arose very *great advantages to the Public*, by the shifting and bringing to light as good, perhaps a better and more authentic account of our Nobility, than had been given at that time of those in any other country of Europe." p. 1135.

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

Of the two prevalent factions in the reign of Elizabeth, the Catholics and the Puritans — Elizabeth's philosophical indifference offends both — Maunsell's Catalogue omits the books of both parties. — Of the Puritans, "the mild and moderate, with the fierce and fiery," a great religious body covering a political one. — Thomas Cartwright, the Chief of the Puritans, and his rival Whitgift — attempts to make the Ecclesiastical paramount to the Civil Power — his plan in dividing the country into comitial, provincial, and national assemblies, to be concentrated under the secret head at Warwick, where Cartwright was elected "perpetual Moderator!" — After the most bitter controversies, Cartwright became very compliant to his old rival Whitgift, when Archbishop of Canterbury. — Of MARTIN MAR-PRELATE *— his Sons — specimens of*

their popular ridicule and invective. — Cartwright approves of this mode of controversy — better counteracted by the wits than by the grave admonisher's. — Specimens of the ANTI-MARTIN MAR-PRELATES — *of the authors of these surreptitious publications.*

THE Reformation, or the new Religion, as it was then called, under ELIZABETH, was the most philosophical she could form, and therefore the most hateful to the zealots of all parties. It was worthy of her genius, and of a better age! Her sole object was, a deliverance from the Papal usurpation. Her own supremacy maintained, she designed to be the great Sovereign of a great people; and the Catholic, for some time, was called to her Council-board, and entered with the Reformer into the same Church. But Wisdom itself is too weak to regulate human affairs, when the passions of men rise up in obstinate

insurrection. ELIZABETH neither won over the Reformers nor the Catholics. An excommunicating bull, precipitated by Papal Machiavelism, driving on the brutalized obedience of its slaves, separated the friends. This was a political error, from a misconception of the weakness of our Government; and when discovered as such, a tolerating dispensation was granted "till better times;" an unhealing expedient, to join again a dismembered Nation! It would surprise many, were they aware how numerous were our ancient families and our eminent characters who were Catholics [A]. Our country was now divided,

[A] The Church History by DODD, a Catholic, fills three vols. folio: it is very rare and curious. Much of our own domestic history is interwoven in that of the fugitive papists, and the materials of this work are frequently drawn from their own

and Englishmen who were heroic Romanists, fell the terrible victims.

On the other side, the national evil took a new form. It is probable that the Queen, holding the mere ceremonies of Religion, now venerable with age, as matters of indifference, and her fine taste still lingering amidst the solemn gorgeousness of the Church Service, and still feeling her senses and her emotions excited by the religious scenery, did not share in that abhorrence of the paintings and the images,

archives, preserved in their seminaries at Douay, Valladolid, &c. which have not been accessible to Protestant writers. Here I discovered a copious nomenclature of English persons, which include many of our most eminent characters, and a great number of literary men, with many unknown facts, both of a private and public nature. It is useful, at times, to know whether an English author was a Catholic.

the chaunt and the music, the censer and the altar, and the pomp of the prelatical habits, which was prompting many well-intentioned Reformers to reduce the Ecclesiastical state into apostolical nakedness and primitive rudeness. She was slow to meet this austerity of feeling, which in this country, at length, extirpated those arts which exalt our nature; and for this, these pious Vandals nicknamed the Queen "the untamed Heifer;" and the fierce KNOX expressly wrote his "First Blast against the monstrous Government of Women." Of these Reformers, many had imbibed the Republican notions of CALVIN. In their first hatred of Popery, they imagined that they had not gone far enough in their wild notions of Reform, and they viewed it, still shadowed out in the new hierarchy of the Bishops. The fierce CALVIN, in

his little church at Geneva, presumed to rule a great nation on the scale of a parish institution; copying the apostolical equality, when the Church (say the Epicopalians) had all the weakness of infancy, and could live together in a community of all things, from a sense of their common poverty. Be this as it may; the dignified Ecclesiastical Order was a venerable institution, which could do no greater injury, and might effect as much public good, as any other order in the State [B]. My

[B] I refer the Reader to SELDEN'S "Table Talk" for many admirable ideas on "Bishops." That enlightened genius, who was no friend to the Ecclesiastical temporal power, acknowledges the absolute necessity of this Order in a great government. The preservers of our literature and our morals they ought to be, and many have been. When the political Reformers ejected the Bishops out of the House, what did they gain? a more vulgar prating

business is not with this discussion. I mean to shew how the Republican system of these Reformers ended in a political struggle, which, crushed in the reign of Elizabeth, and beaten down in that of James, so furiously triumphed under Charles. Their history exhibits the curious spectacle of a great religious body covering a political one; such as was discovered among the Jesuits, and such as may again distract the Empire, in some new and unexpected shape.

ELIZABETH was harassed by the two factions of the intriguing Catholic, and the disguised Republican. The age

race, but even more lordly! SELDEN says, "The Bishops being put out of the House, whom will they lay the fault upon now? When the dog is beat out of the room, where will they lay the stink?"

abounded with libels [c]. Many a *Benedicité* was handed to her from the Catho-

[c] The Freedom of the Press hardly subsisted in ELIZABETH's reign; and yet Libels abounded! A clear demonstration that nothing is really gained by those violent suppressions and expurgatory indexes which Power in its usurpation may enforce. At a time when they did not dare even to publish the titles of such libels, yet were they spread about, and even hoarded. The most ancient catalogue of our vernacular literature, is that by ANDREW MAUNSELL, published in 1595. It consists of Divinity, Mathematics, Medicine, &c.; but the third part which he promised, and which to us would have been the most interesting, of "Rhetoric, History, Poetry, and Policy," never appeared. In the Preface, such was the temper of the times, and of ELIZABETH, we discover that he has deprived us of a catalogue of the works alluded to in our text, for he thus distinctly points at them: "The books written by the *fugitive Papistes*, as also those that are *written against the present Government* (meaning those of the Puritans) I doe not think meete for me to meddle

lics; but a portentous personage, masked, stepped forth from a club of PURITANS,

withall." In one part of his Catalogue, however, he contrived to insert the following passage; the burthen of the song seems to have been chorused by the ear of our cautious MAUNSELL. He is noticing a Pierce Plowman in prose. "I did not see the beginning of this booke, but it endeth thus:

"God save the King, and speed the Plough,
And send the *Prelats* care inough,
Inough, inough, inough." p. 80.

Few of our native productions are so rare as the *Martin Mar-Prelate* publications. I have not found them in the public repositories of our national literature. There they have been probably rejected with indignity, though their answerers have been preserved; yet even these are almost of equal rarity and price. They were rejected in times less enlightened than the present. In a National Library every book deserves preservation. By the rejection of these satires, however absurd or infamous, we have lost a link in the great chain of our National Literature and History.

and terrified the Nation by continued visitations, yet was never visible till the instant of his adieus — "starting, like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons!"

Men echo the tone of their age, yet still the same unvarying human nature is at work; and the PURITANS [D], who in

[D] We know them by the name of PURITANS, a nick-name obtained by their affecting superior sanctity; but I find them often distinguished by the more humble appellative of PRECISIANS. As men do not leap up, but climb on rocks, it is probable they were only *precise* before they were *pure*. A Satirist of their day, in "Rythmes against Martin Marre-Prelate," melts their attributes into one verse:

"The sacred Sect, and perfect *pure precise*."

A more laughing Satirist, "Pasquill of England to Martin Junior," persists in calling them PRURITANS, *a pruritu*, for their perpetual itching, or a desire to do something. ELIZABETH herself only considered

the reign of ELIZABETH imagined it was impossible to go too far in the business of

them as "a troublesome sort of people:" even that great politician could not detect the political monster in a mere chrysalis of Reform. I find, however, in a poet of the Elizabethan age, an evident change in the public feeling respecting the *Puritans*, who being always most active when the Government was most in trouble, their political views were discovered. WARNER, in his "Albion's England," describes them:

"If ever ENGLAND will in aught prevent her own mishap,
Against these Skommes (no terme too gross) let England shut the gap;
With giddie heads —
Their countrie's foes they helpt, and most their country harm'd.
If *Hypocrites* why *Puritaines* we term, be asked, in breefe,
'Tis but an *ironised terme:* Good fellow so spells Theefe!"

Reform, were the spirits called *Round-heads* under Charles, and who have got

The gentle-humoured FULLER, in his Church History, felt a tenderness for the name of *Puritan*, which, after the mad follies they had played during the Commonwealth, was then held in abhorrence. He could not venture to laud the good men of that party, without employing a new term to conceal the odium. In noticing, under the date of 1563, that the Bishops urged the Clergy of their dioceses to press uniformity, &c. he adds, "Such as refused were branded with the name of PURITANS; a name which in this nation began in this year, subject to several senses, and various in the acceptions. *Puritan* was taken for the opposers of Hierarchy and Church Service, as resenting of Superstition. But the nick-name was quickly improved by prophane mouths to abuse pious persons. We will decline the word to prevent exceptions, which, if casually slipping from our pen, the reader knoweth that only *Non-Conformists* are intended." lib. ix. p. 76. FULLER, however, divides them into two classes, "the mild and moderate, and the fierce and fiery." HEYLIN, in his

another nick-name in our own days. These wanted a Reformation of a Reformation: History of the Presbyterians, blackens them as so many political devils, and NEALE, in his History of the Puritans, blanches them into a sweet and almond-whiteness.

Let us be thankful to these PURITANS for a political lesson. They began their quarrels on the most indifferent matters. They raised disturbances about "the Romish Rags," by which they described the decent surplice as well as the splendid scarlet chimere * thrown over the white linen rochet with the square cap worn by the bishops. The scarlet robe, to please their sullen fancy, was changed into black satin: but these men soon resolved to deprive the bishops of more than a scarlet robe. The affected niceties of these PRECISIANS, dismembering our images, and scratching at our paintings, disturbed the uniformity of the religious service. A clergyman in a surplice was turned out of the Church,

* So Heylin writes the word; but in the "Rythmes against Martin," a contemporary production, the term is *Chiver*. It is not in Cotgrave.

they aimed at Reform, but they designed Revolution; and they would not accept of

Some wore square caps, some round, some abhorred all caps. The communion-table placed in the East, was considered as an idolatrous altar, and was now dragged into the middle of the church, where, to shew their contempt, it was always made the filthiest seat in the church. They used to kneel at the sacrament; now they would sit, because that was a proper attitude for a supper; then they would not sit, but stand: at length they tossed the elements about, because the bread was wafers, and not from a loaf. Among their *preciseness* was a qualm at baptism: the water was to be taken from a bason, and not from a fount; then they would not name their children; or if they did, they would neither have Grecian, nor Roman, nor Saxon names, but Hebrew ones, which they ludicrously translated into English, and which, as HEYLIN observes, "many of them when they came to age were ashamed to own;" such as "Accepted — Ashes — Fight-the-good-Fight-of-Faith — Joy-again — Kill-sin, &c."

Toleration, because they had determined on Predominance.

Of this Faction, the chief was THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, a person of great learning, and doubtless of great ambition. Early in life a disappointed man, the progress was easy to that of a disaffected subject. At a Philosophy act, in the University of Cambridge, in the Royal presence, the Queen preferred and rewarded his opponent, for the slighter and more attractive elegancies, in which the learned CARTWRIGHT was deficient. He felt the wound rankle in his ambitious spirit. He began, as Sir GEORGE PAUL, in his Life of Archbishop WHIT-

Who could have foreseen, that some pious men, quarrelling about the square caps and the rochets of Bishops, should at length attack Bishops themselves; and, by an easy transition, passing from Bishops to Kings, finally close in Levellers!

GIFT, expresses it, "to kick against her Ecclesiastical Government." He expatriated himself several years, and returned fierce with the republican spirit he had caught among the Calvinists at Geneva, which aimed at the extirpation of the Bishops. It was once more his fate to be poised against another rival, WHITGIFT, the Queen's Professor of Divinity. CARTWRIGHT, in some Lectures, advanced his new doctrines; and these innovations soon raised a formidable party, "buzzing their conceits into the green heads of the University." WHITGIFT regularly preached CARTWRIGHT down, to little purpose; for, when CARTWRIGHT preached at St. Mary's, they were forced to take down the windows. Once, our sly Polemic, taking advantage of the absence of WHITGIFT, so powerfully operated, in three sermons on

one Sunday, that in the evening his victory declared itself, by the students of Trinity College rejecting their surplices, as Papistical badges. CARTWRIGHT was now to be confuted by other means. The University refused him his degree of D. D.; condemned the Lecturer to silence; and at length performed that last feeble act of power, Expulsion. In a heart already alienated from the Established Authorities, this could only envenom a bitter spirit. Already he had felt a personal dislike to Royalty, and now he had received an insult from the University: these were motives, which, though concealed, could not fail to work, in a courageous mind, whose new forms of religion accorded with his political feelings. The "Degrees" of the University, which he now declared to be "unlawful," were to be considered "as

limbs of Antichrist." The whole Hierarchy was to be exterminated for a republic of Presbyters; till, through the Church, the Republican, as we shall see, discovered a secret passage to the Cabinet of his Sovereign.

Such is my conception of the character of CARTWRIGHT. Should it seem to some peculiar, the Reader is enabled to judge for himself, by the Note [H].

[H] I shall give a remarkable extract from the Writings of CARTWRIGHT. It will prove two points. First, that the admirers of these Puritans may learn that the *Religion* of those men became a cover for a *political* design; which was, *to raise the Ecclesiastical above the Civil Power.* Just the reverse of HOBBES's scheme. So Theorists differ and rebound! Secondly, to shew the not uncommon absurdity of Man: while these Puritans were affecting to annihilate the Established Church of England, as a remains of the Romish Supremacy, they themselves

But CARTWRIGHT, chilled by an imprisonment, and witnessing some of his party

intended to establish one, according to their own fancy, where they proposed that *all Sovereigns* should consider themselves only "as Nourisses, or servants under the Church; so they must *remember to subject themselves unto the Church*—to submit their *Sceptres;* to throw down their *Crowns;* yea, as the Prophet speaketh, *to lick the dust of the feet of the Church.*" These are CARTWRIGHT'S words, in his "Defence of the Admonition." But he is still bolder, in a joint production with *Travers.* He insists that "the *Monarchs of the World* should give up their *Sceptres and Crowns* unto him (Jesus Christ), who is *represented by the Officers of the Church.* See "A full and plain Declaration of Ecclesiastical Discipline," p. 185. One would imagine he was a disguised Jesuit, and an advocate for the Pope's supremacy. But observe how these blessed Republicans would govern the State. CARTWRIGHT is explicit, and very ingenious. "The world is now deceived, that thinketh that the *Church* must be

condemned, and some executed; after having long sustained the most elevated

framed according to the *Commonwealth*, and the *Church Government* according to the *Civil Government;* which is as much as to say, as if a man should fashion his house according to his hangings; whereas, indeed, it is clean contrary. That as the hangings are made fit for the house, so the Commonwealth must be made to agree with the Church, and the Government thereof with her Government; for, as the house is before the hangings, therefore the hangings, which come after, must be framed to the house, which was before; so the Church, being before there was any Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth coming after, must be fashioned, and made suitable to the Church; otherwise, God is made to give place to Men, Heaven to Earth."

Cartwright's Defence of the Admonition, p. 181.

WARBURTON'S "Alliance between Church and State," which was at the time considered as a hardy paradox, is mawkish, in its pretensions, compared with this. It is not wonderful that the wisest of our

and rigid tone, suddenly let his Alp of ice disolve away in the gentlest thaw that

Sovereigns, that great politician ELIZABETH, should have punished with death these democratics; but it is wonderful to discover, that these inveterate enemies to the Church of Rome were only trying to transfer its absolute power into their own hands! They wanted to turn the Church into a democracy. They fascinated the people, by telling them, that there would be no beggars, were there no Bishops; that every man would be a Governor, by setting up a Presbytery. From the Church, I repeat, it is scarcely a single step to the Cabinet. Yet the early Puritans come down to us as persecuted Saints. Doubtless there were a few honest Saints among them; but they were as mad politicians as their race afterwards proved to be, to whom they left so many fatal legacies. CARTWRIGHT uses the very language a certain cast of political Reformers have recently done. He declares, "An Establishment may be made without the Magistrate;" and told the people, that "if every hair of their head was a life, it ought to be offered for

ever occurred in political life. Ambitious he was, but not of Martyrdom! His

such a cause." Another of this faction is for "registering the names of the fittest and hottest Brethren, without lingering for Parliament; and another exults, that "there are a hundred thousand hands ready." Another, that "we may overthrow the Bishops and all the Government in one day."—Such was the style, and such the confidence in the plans which the lowest orders of Revolutionists promulgated during their transient exhibition in this Country. More in this strain may be found in MADDOX's Vindication against NEALE, the advocate for the Puritans, p. 255; and an admirable Letter of that great politician, Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, who, with many others of the Ministers of ELIZABETH, was a favourer of the Puritans, till he detected their secret object, to subvert the Government. This letter is preserved in COLLIER's Eccl. Hist. Vol. ii. 607. They had begun to divide the whole country into *classes*, provincial synods, &c. They kept Registers, which recorded all the heads of their

party appeared once formidable [F], and his protection sure. I have read several

debates, to be finally transmitted to the secret head of the *Classis* of Warwick, where CARTWRIGHT governed, as *the perpetual Moderator!*" *Heylin's Hist. of Presbyt.* p. 277. These violent advocates for the freedom of the Press had, however, an evident intention to monopolize it; for they decreed that "no books should be put in print but by consent of the *Classes*." *Sir G. Paul's Life of Whitgift*, p. 65. The very Star-Chamber they justly protested against, they were for raising among themselves!

[F] Under the denomination of *Barrowists* and *Brownists*. I find Sir WALTER RALEIGH declaring, in the House of Commons, on a motion for reducing disloyal subjects, that "they are worthy to be rooted out of a Commonwealth. He is alarmed at the danger, for it is to be feared, that men not guilty will be included in the law about to be passed. I am sorry for it. I am afraid there is near twenty thousand of them in England; and when they be gone (that is, expelled) who shall maintain their wives and children?"— *Sir Simon D'Ewes's Journal*, p. 517.

letters of the Earl of Leicester, in MS. that shew he always shielded CARTWRIGHT, whenever in danger. Many of the Ministers of ELIZABETH were Puritans; but, doubtless, this was before their state-policy had detected the politicians in mask. When some of his followers had dared to do what he had only thought, he appears to have forsaken them. They reproached him for this left-handed policy; some of the boldest of them, declaring that they had neither acted nor written any thing but what was warranted by his principles. I do not know many political ejaculations more affecting than that of HENRY BARROW, said to have been a dissipated youth, when CARTWRIGHT refused, before BARROW's execution, to allow of a conference. The deluded man, after a deep sigh, said: "Shall I be thus forsaken by him? Was it not he that brought

me first into these briers? and will he now leave me in the same? Was it not from him alone that I took my grounds? Or did I not, out of such premises as he pleased to give me, infer those propositions, and deduce those conclusions, for which I am now kept in these bonds?" He was soon after executed, with others.

Then occurred one of those political spectacles, at which the simple-minded stare, and the politic smile; when, after the most cruel civil-war of words [G],

[G] The Controversies of WHITGIFT and CARTWRIGHT could indeed never close, for toleration was a notion which never occurred to either. These Rivals, from early days, wrote with such bitterness against each other, that at length it produced mutual reproaches. WHITGIFT complains to CARTWRIGHT: "If you were writing against the veriest Papist, or the ignorantest dolt, you could not be more spiteful and malicious." And CARTWRIGHT replies: "If

CARTWRIGHT wrote very compliant letters to his old rival, WHITGIFT, now Archbishop of Canterbury; while the Archbishop was pleading with the Queen, in favour of the inveterate Republican, declaring, that had CARTWRIGHT not so far engaged himself in the beginning, he thought he would have been, latterly, drawn into conformity. To clear up this mysterious conduct, CART-

peace had been so precious unto you as you pretend, you would not have brought so many hard words and bitter reproaches, as it were sticks and coals, to double and treble the heat of contention."

After this, it is curious, even to those accustomed to such speculations, to observe some men changing with the times, and furious Rivals converted into brothers. WHITGIFT, whom ELIZABETH, as a mark of her favour, called "her black husband," from his complexion, soliciting CARTWRIGHT'S pardon from the Queen, and the proud Presbyter CARTWRIGHT styling WHITGIFT his Lord the Archbishop's Grace of Canterbury, and visiting him!

WRIGHT seems to have graduated his political ambition to the degree the Government touched, of weakness or of strength; and besides, he was growing prudent, as he was growing rich. For it seems, that he who was for scrambling for the Church revenues, telling the people that the Apostles, *silver and gold they had none*, was himself "feeding too fair and fat," for the meagre groaning state of a pretended reformation. He had early in life studied that part of the law, by which he had learnt the marketable price of landed property; and as the cask still retains its old flavour, this despiser of Bishops was still making the best interest for his money, by land-jobbing [H].

[H] Sir GEORGE PAUL, a contemporary, attributes his wealth "to the benevolence and bounty of his followers." Dr. SUTCLIFFE, one of his adversaries,

One of the memorable effects of this attempted innovation was, that continued stream of libels which ran throughout the Nation, under the portentous name of MARTIN MAR-PRELATE. This extraordinary personage, in his collective form, for he is to be splitted into more than one, long terrified Church and State. He walked about the Kingdom invisibly,

sharply upbraids him, that "in the persecution he perpetually complained of, he was grown rich." A Puritan Advocate reproves Dr. SUTCLIFFE for always carping at CARTWRIGHT'S purchases: — "Why may not CARTWRIGHT sell the lands he had from his father, and buy others with the money, as well as some of the Bishops, who by bribery, simony, extortion, racking of rents, wasting of woods, and such-like stratagems, wax rich, and purchased great lordships for their posterity?"

To this SUTCLIFFE replied:

"I do not carpe alway, no, nor once, at Master CARTWRIGHT'S purchase. I hinder him not; I envy

dropping here a libel, and there a proclamation for sedition; but wherever *Martinism* was found, *Martin* was not. He prided himself in what he calls "Pistling the Bishops," a very ambiguous term; but, according to his own vulgar orthoëpy, pretends it only meant "Epistling them." Sometimes he hints to his pursuers how they may catch him, for he prints "within two furlongs of a bouncing Priest," or "in Europe;" while he acquaints his friends,

him not. Only thus much I must tell him, that THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, a man that hath more landes of his own in possession than any Bishop that I know, and that fareth daintily every day, and feedeth fayre and fatte, and lyeth as soft as any tenderling of that brood, and hath wonne much wealth in short time, and will leave more to his posterity than any Bishop, should not cry out either of persecution, or of excess of Bishops' livinges." — *Sutcliffe's Answer to certain calumnious Petitions,* 1592.

who were so often uneasy for his safety, that "he has neither wife nor child," and prays "they may not be anxious for him, for he wishes that his head might not go to the grave in peace."—"I come, with the rope about my neck, to save you, howsoever it goeth with me."—His press is interrupted, he is silent, and Lambeth seems to breathe in peace. But he has "a son; nay, five hundred sons!" and, *Martin Junior* starts up! He enquires

"Where his Father is; he who had studied the art of pistle-making? Why has he been tongue-tied these four or five months? Good Nuncles (the Bishops), have you closely murthered the Gentleman in some of your prisons? Have you choaked him with a fat prebend or two? I trow my father will swallow down no such pills, for he would thus soon purge away all the conscience he hath. Do

you mean to have the keeping of him? What need that? he hath five hundred sons in the land. My father would be sorry to put you to any such cost as you intend to be at with him. A meaner house, and less strength than the Tower, the Fleet, or Newgate, would serve him well enough. He is not of that ambitious vein that many of his brethren the bishops are, in seeking for more costly houses than ever his father built for him."

This same "Martin Junior," who, though he is but young, as he says, "has a pretty smattering gift in this pistle-making, and I fear in a while I shall take a pride in it." He had picked up besides a bush, where it had dropped from somebody, an imperfect paper of his father's.

"Theses Martinianæ — set forth as an after-birth of the noble gentleman himselfe, by a pretty stripling of his, Martin Junior,

and dedicated by him to his good Nuncka, Maister John Cankerbury (i. e. Canterbury). Printed without a sly Priviledge of the Cater Caps."

i. e. the square caps the Bishops wore.

But another of these five hundred sons, who declares himself to be his "reverend and elder brother, heir to the renowned MARTIN MAR-PRELATE the Great," publishes

"The just Censure and Reproof of Martin Junior; where, lest the Springall should be utterly discouraged in his good meaning, you shall finde that he is not bereaved of his due commendation."

Martin Senior, after finding fault with *Martin Junior* for "his rash and indiscreet headiness," notwithstanding, agrees with every thing he had said. He confirms all, and cheers him; but charges him

" should he meet their father in the street, never to ask his blessing, but walke smoothly and circumspectly; and if anie offer to talk with thee of Martin, talke thou straite of the voyage into Portugal, or of the happie death of the Duke of Guise, or some such accident; but meddle not with thy father. Only, if thou have gathered anie thing in visitation for thy father, intreate him to signify in some secret printed pistle, where a will have it lefte. I feare least some of us should fall into John Canterburie's hand."

Such were the mysterious personages who for a long time haunted the palaces of the Bishops, and the vicarages of the Clergy, disappearing at the moment they were suddenly perceived to be near. Their slanders were not only coarse buffooneries, but the hottest effusions of hatred, with an unparalleled invective of nick-

names [1]. Levelled at the Bishops, even the natural defects, the personal infirmities,

[1] CARTWRIGHT approved of them, and well knew the concealed writers, who frequently consulted him: this appears by Sir G. Paul's Life of Whitgift, p. 65. Being asked his opinion of such books, he said, that "since the bishops, and others there touched, would not amend by grave books, it was therefore meet they should be dealt withal to their farther reproach — and that some books must be *earnest*, some *more mild and temperate*, whereby they may be both of the spirit of Elias and Eliseus;" the one the great mocker, the other the more solemn reprover. It must be confessed CARTWRIGHT here discovers a deep knowledge of human nature. He knew the power of ridicule and of invective. A writer of the same stamp, in "The Second Wash, or the *Moore* scoured *once more*" (written against Dr. HENRY MORE, the Platonist) in defence of that vocabulary of *names* which he has poured on MORE, asserts it is a practice allowed by the high authority of Christ himself. I transcribe the curious passage.

the domestic privacies, much more the tyranny of these now "petty popes," now "bouncing priests," now "terrible priests," were the inexhaustible subjects of these popular invectives [K]. Those "pillars of

"It is the practice of Christ himself to character *men* by those *things* to which they assimilate. Thus hath he called *Herod* a *Fox; Judas* a *Devil; False Pastors* he calls *Wolves;* the *Buyers and Sellers, Theeves;* and those Hebrew Puritans the *Pharisees, Hypocrites.* This rule and justice of his Master, St. Paul hath well observed, and he acts freely thereby; for when he reproves the Cretians, he makes use of that ignominious proverb, *Evil beasts and slow bellies.* When the High-priest commanded the Jews to *smite* him on the face, he replied to him, not without some bitterness, *God shall smite thee, thou white wall.* I cite not these places to justify an injurious spleen, but to argue the liberty of the truth."—*The Second Wash, or the* MOORE *scoured once* MORE. 1651. p. 8.

[K] One of their works is "A Dialogue, wherein is laid open the tyrannical dealing of L. Bishopps

the state" were now called "its caterpillars;" and the inferior clergy, who perhaps

against God's children." It is full of scurrilous stories probably brought together by two active coblers who were so useful to their Junto. Yet the bishops of that day were not of dissolute manners; and the accusations are such, that it only proves their willingness to raise charges against them. Of one bishop they tell us, that after declaring he was poor, and what expences he had been at, as Paul's Church could bear witness; he shortly after hanged four of his servants for having robbed him of a considerable sum. Of another, who cut down all the woods at Hampstead, till the towns-women "fell a swaddling of his men," and so saved Hampstead by their resolution. But when MARTIN would give a proof that the bishop of London was one of the bishops of the devil, in his "Pistle to the terrible Priests," he tells this story: "When the bishop throws his bowl, (as he useth it commonly upon the Sabbath-day) he runnes after it, and if it be too harde, he cries *Rub! Rub! Rub! the Diuel goe with thee!* and he goeth

were not always friendly to their superiors, yet dreaded this new race of innovators,

himself with it; so that by these words he names himself the Bishop of the Divel, and by his tirannical practise prooveth himselfe to be." He tells too of a parson well known, who, being in the pulpit, and "hearing his dog cry, he out with this text, 'Why, how now, hoe! can you not let my dog alone there? Come Springe! Come Springe!" and whistled the dog to the pulpit. One of their chief objects of attack was COOPER Bishop of Lincoln, a laborious student, but married to a dissolute woman, whom the University of Oxford offered to separate from him: but he said he knew his infirmity, and could not live without his wife, and was tender on the point of divorce. He had a greater misfortune than even this loose woman about him: his *name* could be punned on, and this bishop may be placed among that unlucky class of authors who have fallen victims to their *names*. SHENSTONE meant more than he expressed, when he thanked God that he could not be punned on. MAR-PRELATE, besides many cruel hits at Bishop Cooper's

were distinguished as "halting neutrals." These invectives were well farced for the

wife, was now always "making the *Cooper's hoops to flye off*, and the Bishop's Tubs to leake out." In "The Protestatyon of Martin Marprelat," where he tells of two bishops "who so contended in throwing down Elmes, as if the wager had bene, whether of them should most have impoverished their bishopricks. Yet I blame not *Mar-Elme* so much as COOPER for this fact, because it is no less given him by his *name*, to spoil elmes, than it is allowed him by the secret judgment of God to mar the Church. A man of *Cooper's* age and occupation, so wel seene in that trade, might easily knowe that tubs made of green timber must needs leak out; and yet I do not so greatly marvel, for he that makes no conscience to be a deceiver in the building of the churche, will not stick for his game to be a *deceitfull workeman in making of tubbs*." p. 19. The author of the books against Bishop COOPER is said to have been JOB THROCKMORTON, a learned man, affecting raillery and humour to court the mob.

gross taste of the multitude, and even the dialect of the lowest of the populace

Such was the strain of ribaldry and malice which MARTIN MAR-PRELATE indulged, and by which he obtained full possession of the minds of the people, for a considerable time. His libels were translated, and have been often quoted by the Roman Catholics abroad and at home for their particular purposes, just as the revolutionary publications in this country have been concluded abroad to be the general sentiments of the people of England; and thus our factions always will serve the interests of our enemies. MARTIN seems to have written little verse; but there is one Epigram worth preserving for its utter bitterness.

Martin Senior, in his "Reproofe of Martin Junior," complains that "his younger brother has not taken a little paines in ryming with *Mar-Martin* (one of their poetical antagonists) that the Cater-Caps may know how the meanest of my father's sonnes is able to answeare them, both at blunt and sharpe." He then gives his younger brother a specimen of

affected, and perhaps the coarse malignity of two *Coblers* who were connected with the

what he is hereafter to do. He attributes the satire of *Mar-Martin* to Dr. Bridges, Dean of Sarum, and John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury.

" The first rising, generation, and original of *Mar-Martin.*

" From Sarum came a Goos's egg,
With specks and spots bepatched.
A Priest of Lambeth coucht thereon,
Thus was *Mar-Martin* hatched.

Whence hath *Mar-Martin* all his wit,
But from that egge of Sarum?
The rest come all from great Sir John,
Who rings us all this 'larum!

What can the Cockatrice hatch up
But Serpents like himselfe?
What sees the Ape within the glasse
But a deformed Elfe?

party, often enlivened the satirical page. The MARTIN MAR-PRELATE productions are not, however, effusions of genius; they were addressed to the passions of mankind; and in those cases, wit and genius do that kind of work less effectually than hatred and contempt. The authors were grave men, who affected to gain over the populace in their own way [L]. In vain the

Then must *Mar-Martin* have some smell
Of forge, or else of fire;
A sotte in wit, a beaste in minde,
For so was Damme and Sire."

[L] It would, however, appear, that these revolutionary publications reached the Universities, and probably fermented "the green heads" of our students, as the following grave admonition directed to them evidently proves:

'Anti-Martinus sive monitio cujusdam Londinensis ad adolescentes vtrimque academiæ contra persona-

startled bishops remonstrated: they were supposed to be criminals, to be little

tum quendam rabulam qui se Anglicè Martin Marprelat, &c. Londini, 1589, 4°."

A popular favourite as he was, yet even MARTIN, *in propria persona,* acknowledges that his manner was not approved of by *either party.* His "Theses Martinianæ" opens thus: "I see my doings and my course misliked of many, both the good and the bad; though also I have favourers of both sortes. The Bishops and their traine, though they stumble at the cause, yet especially mislike my maner of writing. Those whom foolishly men call *Puritanes,* like of the matter I have handled, but the forme they cannot brooke. So that herein I have them both for mine adversaries. But now what if I should take the course in certain theses or conclusions, without *inveighing* against either *person* or *cause.*" This was probably written after MARTIN had swallowed some of his own sauce, or taken his "Pap (offered to him) with a Hatchet," as one of the most celebrated Government pamphlets is intituled. But these "Theses," without either scurrility or invec-

attended to as their own advocates. Besides, they were grave admonishers, and

tive, are the dullest things imaginable; abstract propositions were not palatable to the multitude; and then it was, after the trial had been made, that *Martin Junior and Senior*, attempted to revive the spirit of the old gentleman; but, if Sedition has its progress, it has also its decline; and if it could not strike its blow when strongest, it only puled and made grimaces, prognostics of weakness and dissolution. This is admirably touched in "Pappe with an Hatchet." "Now Old Martin appeared, with a wit worn into the socket, twingling and pinking like the snuffe of a candle; *quantùm mutatus ab illo*, how unlike the knave he was before, not for malice, but for sharpnesse! The hogshead was even come to the hauncing, and nothing could be drawne from him but dregs; yet the emptie caske sounds lowder than when it was full, and protests more in his waining than he could performe in his waxing. I drew neere the sillie soul, whom I found quivering in two sheets of protestation paper (alluding to the work men-

the mob are composed of laughers. The Martinists were better counteracted by the

tioned here in the following Note [M]). O how meager and leane he looked, so crest falne that his combe hung down to his bill; and had I not been sure it was the picture of Envie, I should have sworn it had been the image of Death: so like the verie anatomie of Mischief, that one might see through all the ribbes of his conscience."

In another rare pamphlet from the same school, "Pasquill of England to Martin Junior, in a countercuffe given to Martin Junior," he humorously threatens to write "The Owle's Almanack, wherein your night labours be set down;" and "some fruitful volumes of 'The Lives of the Saints,' which, maugre your father's five hundred sons, shall be printed," with "hays, jiggs, and roundelays, and madrigals, serving for Epitaphs for his father's hearse." This was the proper way to reply to such writers, by driving them out of the field with their own implements of warfare; and this author and his party more honourably triumphed than the Government, who silenced MARTIN MAR-PRELATE by the cord. PAS-

Wits on the Government side, by their extraordinary effusions, prodigal of humour and invective almost unparalleled; and Father Martin and his two sons more intelligibly received

"A sound Boxe of the Eare,' in 'a Pistle' to 'the father, and the two sonnes, Huffe, Ruffe, and Snuffe, the three tame ruffians of the Church, who take pepper in the nose because they cannot marre Prelate's grating;"

when they once met with an adversary who openly declared,

"I profess rayling, and think it is as good a cudgel for a Martin as a stone for a dogge, or

QUILL of England admirably observed of the papers of this faction, "Doubt not but that the same reckoning in the ende will be made of you, which your favourers commonly make of their old shooes; when they are past wearing, they barter them awaie for newe broomes, or carrie them forth to the dunghill, and leave them there."

a whip for an ape, or poison for a rat. Who would curry an ass with an ivory comb? Give this beast thistles for provender. I doe but yet angle with a silken flie, to see whether Martins will nibble, and if I see that, why then I have wormes for the nonce, and will give them line enough, like a trowte, till they swallow both hooke and line, and then, Martin, beware your gills, for I'll make you daunce at the pole's end.

"Fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swell like a toade, hiss like an adder, bite like a dog, and chatter like a monkey, my pen is prepared, and my mind; and if you chaunce to find anie worse words than you broughte, let them be put in your Dad's dictionarie. Farewell, and be hanged; and I pray God you fare no worse. Your's at an hour's warning."

Nor did the Court-party succeed more happily when they persecuted MARTIN,

broke up his presses, and imprisoned his assistants. Never did Sedition travel so fast, nor conceal itself so closely; for they employed a moveable press; and, as soon as it was surmised that Martin was in Surrey, it was found he was removed to Northamptonshire, while the next account came that he was shewing his head in Warwickshire. And long they invisibly conveyed themselves, till in Lancashire the snake was scotched, by the Earl of Derby, with all its little brood [M].

[M] Some of these works still bear evident marks that the "pursuivants" were hunting the printers. "The Protestatyon of Martin Mar-prelate, wherein, notwithstanding the surprising of the Printer, he maketh it knowne vnto the world, that he feareth neither proud priest, tirannous prelate, nor godlesse cater-cap; but defieth all the race of them," including "a challenge" to meet them personally — was probably one of their latest efforts. The print-

Conspiracy, like other misery, " acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows;"

ing and the orthography shew all the imperfections of that haste in which they were forced to print this Work. As they lost their strength, they were getting more venomous. Among the little Martins disturbed in the hour of parturition, but already christened, there were: " Episto Mastix;" " The Lives and Doings of English Popes;" " Itinerarium, or Visitations;" " Lambethisms." The " Itinerary" was a survey of every Clergyman of England! and served as a model to a similar Work, which appeared during the time of the Commonwealth. The " Lambethisms" were secrets divulged by Martin; who, it seems, had got into the palace itself! Their productions were, probably, often got up in haste, in utter scorn of the Horatian precept.

As a great curiosity, I preserve a fragment in the *Scottish* dialect, which well describes them and their views. The title is wanting in the only copy I have seen; but its extreme rarity is not its only value: there is something venerable in the criticism, and poignant in the political sarcasm.

and the present Confederacy combines persons of the most various descriptions,

" Weil lettred clarkis endite their warkes, quoth Horace, slow and geasoun,
Bot thou can wise forth buike by buike, at every spurt and seasoun;
For men of litrature t' endite so fast, them doth not fitte,
Enanter in them, as in thee, their pen outrun thair witte.
The shaftis of foolis are soone shot out, but fro the merke they stray;
So art thou glibbe to guibe and taunte, but rouest all the way.
Quhen thou hast parbrackt out thy gorge, and shot out all thy arrowes,
See that thou hold thy clacke, and hang thy quiver on the gallows,
Els Clarkis will soon all be Sir Johns, the priestis craft will empaire,
And Dickin, Jackin, Tom, and Hob, mon sit in Rabbies chaire.

and perhaps of very opposite views. The writers of these Martin Mar-prelate books have been tolerably ascertained [N], con-

Let Georg and Nichlas, cheek by jol, bothe still
on cock-horse yode,
That dignitie of Pristis with thee may hau a long
abode.
Els Litrature mon spredde her wings, and piercing
welkin bright,
To Heaven, from whence she did first wend, retire
and take her flight.

[N] "Most of the books under Martin's name were composed by JOHN PENRY, JOHN UDALL, JOHN FIELD, and JOB THROCKMORTON, who all concurred in making Martin. See Answer to Throgmorton's Letter by Sutcliffe, p. 70; 'More Work for a Cooper;' and 'Hey, any Work for a Cooper;' and 'Some layd open in his Colours;' were composed by Job Throckmorton." *MS Note by Thomas Baker.*—UDALL, indeed, denied having any concern in these invectives, and professed to disapprove

sidering the secrecy with which they were printed; sometimes at night; sometimes hid in cellars, and never long in one place; besides the artifices used in their dispersion, by the motley personages, held together by an invisible chain of confederacy. I find men of learning, and of rigid lives, intimately associated with dissipated, or with too ardently-tempered youths; connected, too, with maniacs, whose lunacy had taken a revolutionary turn; and men

of them. We see CARTWRIGHT, however, of quite a different opinion. In UDALL's library, some MS Notes had been seen by a person who considered them as materials for a Martin Mar-prelate work in embrio, which UDALL confessed was written "by a friend." All the writers were silenced Ministers; though, it is not improbable, that their scandalous tales, and much of the ribaldry, might have been contributed by their lowest retainers, those purveyors for the mob, of what they lately chose to call their "Pigs-Meat."

of rank, combining with old women and coblers [o]. Such are the party-coloured

[o] The execution of HACKET, and condemnation of his party, who had declared him "King of Europe," so that England was only a province to him, is noted in our General History of England. This was the first serious blow which alarmed the Puritanic party. Doubtless, this man was a mere maniac, and his ferocious passions broke out early in life; but, in that day, they permitted no lunacy as a plea for any politician. CARTWRIGHT held an intercourse with that party, as he had with BARROW, said to have been a debauched youth; yet we had a sect of Barrowists; and ROBERT BROWN, the founder of another sect, named after him *Brownists*; which became very formidable. This BROWN, for his relationship, was patronised by Cecil, Earl of Burleigh. He was a man of violent passions. He had a wife, with whom he never lived, and a church, wherein he never preached, observes the characterising FULLER, who knew him, when FULLER was young. In one of the pamphlets of the time I have seen, it is mentioned, that being reproached with

apostles of insurrection! and thus their honourable, and dishonourable motives

beating his wife, he replied: "I do not beat Mrs. Brown as my wife, but as a curst cross old woman." He closed his life in prison; not for his opinions, but for his brutality to a constable. The old women, and the coblers connected with these Martin Mar-prelates, are noticed in the burlesque epitaphs on Martin's death, supposed to be made by his favourites; a humorous appendix to "Martin's Month-minde." Few political conspiracies, whenever religion forms a pretext, is without a woman. One Dame Lawson is distinguished, changing her "silke for sacke;" and other names might be added of ladies. Two coblers are particularly noticed, as some of the industrious purveyors of sedition through the Kingdom; Cliffe, the cobler, and one Newman. Cliffe's Epitaph, on his friend Martin, is not without humour: —

"Adieu, both naule and bristles now for euer;
The shoe and soale — Ah, woe is me! — must sever.

lie so blended together, that the historian cannot separate them. At the moment the

Bewaile, mine awle, thy sharpest point is gone;
My bristle's broke, and I am left alone.
Farewell old shoes, thumb-stall, and clouting-leather;
Martin is gone, and we undone together."

Nor is Newman, the other cobler, less mortified and pathetic. "The London Corresponding Society" had a more ancient origin than that sodality was aware.

"My hope once was, my old shoes should be sticht;
My thumbs ygilt, that were before bepicht:
Now Martin's gone, and laid full deep in ground,
My gentry's lost, before it could be found."

Among the Martin Mar-prelate books was one entitled "The Cobler's book." This I have not seen; but these Coblers probably picked up intelligence for these scandalous chronicles. The Writers, too, condescended to intersperse the cant-dialect of the populace, with which the Coblers doubtless assisted

haughty spirit of a conspirator is striking at the head of established authority, he

these learned men, when busied in their buffoonery. Hence all their vulgar gibberish; the Shibboleth of the numerous class of their admirers; such as, "O whose *tat?*" John *Kan*kerbury, for Canterbury; *Paltri*-politans, for Metropolitans; and more of this stamp. Who could imagine that the writers of these scurrilities were learned men, and that their patrons were men of rank. We find two Knights heavily fined for secreting these books in their cellars. But it is the nature of Rebellion to unite the two extremes; for *want* stirs the populace to rise, and *excess* the higher orders. This idea is admirably expressed in one of our elder Poets:

"Want made them murmur; for the people, who
To get their bread, do wrestle with their fate,
Or those, who in superfluous riot flow,
Soonest rebel. Convulsions in a State,
Like those which natural bodies do oppress,
Rise from repletion, or from emptiness."

Aleyne's Henry VII.

is himself crouching to the basest intimates; and to escape, often, from an ideal degradation, he can bear with a real one.

Of the heads of this party, I shall notice PENRY and UDALL, two self-devoted victims to Non-conformity. The most active was JOHN PENRY, or *Ap Henry*. He exulted that "he was born and bred in the mountains of Wales:" he had however studied at both our Universities. He had all the heat of his soil, and of his party. He "wished that his head might not go down to the grave in peace," and was just the man to obtain his purpose. When he and his papers were at length seized, PENRY pleaded that he could not be tried for sedition, professing unbounded loyalty to the Queen: such is the usual plea of even violent Reformers. Yet how could

ELIZABETH be the Sovereign, unless she adopted the mode of Government planned by these Reformers? In defence of his papers, he declared that they were only the private memorandums of a scholar, in which, during his wanderings about the Kingdom, he had collected all the objections he had heard against the Government. Yet these, though written down, might not be his own. He observed, that they were not even English, nor intelligible to his accusers; but a few Welshisms could not save Ap Henry; and the Judge, assuming the hardy position, that *scribere est agere*, the Author found more honour conferred on his MSS. than his genius cared to receive. It was this very principle which proved so fatal, at a later period, to a more elevated Politician than PENRY; yet ALGERNON SIDNEY, per-

haps, possessed not a spirit more Roman [P]. State-necessity claimed another victim; and this ardent young man, who, after condemnation, had his death unexpectedly postponed, was suddenly hurried

[P] The writer of ALGERNON SIDNEY's Memoirs could not have known this fact, or he would not have said that "this was the first indictment of high treason, upon which any man lost his life, for *writing any thing, without publishing it.*" Edit. 1751, p. 21. It is curious to have SIDNEY's own opinion on this point. We discover this on his trial. He gives it, assuming one of his own noble principles, not likely to be allowed by the wretched Tories of that day. Addressing the villainous JEFFRIES, the Lord Chief Justice: "My Lord, I think it is *a right of Mankind, and 'tis exercised by all studious men,* to write, in their own closets, what they please, for their own memory; and no man can be answerable for it, unless they publish it."—JEFFRIES replied: "Pray don't go away with *that right of Mankind,* that it is lawful for me to write what I will in my

from his dinner to a temporary gallows; a circumstance marked by its cruelty, but designed to prevent an expected tumult [a].

own closet, so I do not publish it. We must not endure men to talk thus, that by the *right of Nature* every man may contrive mischief in his own chamber, and is not to be punished till he thinks fit to be called to it."—Jeffries was a profligate sophist, but his talents were as great as his vices.

[a] PENRY's unfinished Petition, which he designed to have presented to the Queen before the trial, is a bold energetic composition! his Protestation, after the trial, a pathetic prayer! NEALE has preserved both, in his History of the Puritans. With what simplicity of eloquence he remonstrates on the temporising Government of ELIZABETH.—He thus addresses the Queen, under the title of Madam:—"Your standing is, and has been, by the Gospel: it is little beholden to you, for any thing that appears. The practice of your Government shews, that if you could have ruled without the Gospel, it would have been doubtful whether the

Contrasted with this fiery Mar-prelate, was another, the learned and subtile JOHN

Gospel should be established or not; for now that you are established in your Throne by the Gospel, you suffer it to reach no farther than the end of your sceptre limiteth unto it."—Of a milder, and more melancholy cast, is the touching language, when the hope of life, but not the firmness of his cause, had deserted him. "I look not to live this week to an end. I never took myself for a rebuker, much less for a reformer of States and Kingdoms. I never did any thing in this cause for contention, vain-glory, or to draw disciples after me. Great things, in this life, I never sought for: sufficiency I had, with great outward trouble; but most content I was with my lot, and content with my untimely death, though I leave behind me a friendless widow and four infants."—Such is often the pathetic cry of the simple-hearted, who fall the victims to the political views of more designing heads. CARTWRIGHT and TRAVERS, the chief movers of this Faction, retreated, with haste and caution, from the

UDALL. His was the spirit which dared to do all that PENRY had dared, yet conducting

victims they had conducted to the place of execution, while they themselves sunk into a quiet forgetfulness and selfish repose.

We could hardly have imagined that this eloquent and serious young man was that Martin Mar-prelate who so long played the political ape before the populace, with all the mummery of their low buffoonery, and even mimicking their own idioms. The populace, however, seems to have been divided in their opinions respecting the sanity of his politics, as appears by some ludicrous lines, made on PENRY'S death, by a Northern Rhimer.

" The Welshman is hanged,
Who at our Kirke flanged,
And at the State banged,
And brened are his buks.
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged;
The De'il has him fanged
In his kruked kluks."

Weever's Funerall Monuments, p. 56, Edit. 1631.

himself in the heat of action with the tempered wariness of age: "If they silence me as a minister," said he, "it will allow me leisure to write; and then I will give the Bishops such a blow as shall make their hearts ache." It was agreed among the party neither to deny, or to confess, writing any of their books, lest among the suspected the real author might thus be discovered, or forced solemnly to deny his own work; and when the Bishop of Rochester, to catch UDALL by surprise, suddenly said, "Let me ask you a question concerning your book," the wary UDALL replied, "It is not yet proved to be mine!" He adroitly explained away the offending passages the lawyers picked out of his book, and in a contest between him and the Judge, not only repelled him with his own arms, but when his lordship would

have wrestled on points of Divinity, UDALL expertly perplexed the lawyer, by shewing he had committed an anachronism of four hundred years! He was equally acute with the witnesses; for, when one deposed that he had seen a catalogue of UDALL's library, in which was inserted "The Demonstration of Discipline," the anonymous book for which UDALL was prosecuted, with great ingenuity he observed, that this was rather an argument that he was not the author, for "scholars use not to put their own books in the catalogue of those they have in their study." We observe with astonishment the tyrannical decrees of our Courts of Justice, which lasted till the happy Revolution. The Bench was as depraved in their notions of the rights of the subject in the reign of ELIZABETH, as in those of CHARLES II. and JAMES II.

The Court refused to hear UDALL's witnesses, on this strange principle, that "Witnesses in favour of the Prisoner were against the Queen!" To which UDALL replied, "It is for the Queen to hear all things, when the life of any of her subjects is in question." The Criminal felt what was just, more than his Judges; and yet the Judge, though to be reprobated for his mode, calling so learned a man "Sirrah!" was right in the thing, when he declared that "you would bring the Queen and the Crown under your girdles." It is remarkable, that UDALL repeatedly employed that expression which ALGERNON SIDNEY left as his last legacy to the people, when he told them he was about to die for "that *Old Cause* in which I was from my youth engaged." UDALL perpetually insisted on "*The Cause*." This was a term which

served at least for a watch-word: it rallied the scattered members of the Republican party. The precision of the expression might have been difficult to ascertain; and perhaps, like every popular expedient, varied with "existing circumstances." I did not, however, know it had so remote an origin as in the reign of ELIZABETH; and suspect it may still be freshened up, and varnished over, for any present occasion.

The last stroke for UDALL's character is the history of his condemnation. He suffered the cruel mockery of a pardon granted conditionally, by the intercession of the Scottish Monarch, but never signed by the Queen — and UDALL mouldered away the remnant of his days in a rigid imprisonment [R].

[R] Observe what different conclusions are drawn from the same fact by opposite writers. HEYLIN,

arguing that UDALL had been justly condemned, adds, "the man remained a *living monument* of the archbishop's extraordinary goodness to him, in the preserving of that life which by the law he had forfeited." But NEALE on the same point, considers him as one who "died for his conscience, and stands upon record *as a monument* of the oppression and cruelty of the Government." All this opposition of feeling is of the nature of party-spirit: but what is more curious in the history of human nature, is the change of opinion in the same family, in the course of the same generation. The son of this UDALL was as great a zealot for Conformity, and as great a sufferer for it from his father's party, when they possessed political power. This son would not submit to their oaths and covenants, but, with his bedridden wife, was left unmercifully to perish in the open streets.—*Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*, Part ii. p. 178.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

AS a literary curiosity, I shall preserve a very rare poetical tract, which describes with considerable force the Revolutionists of the reign of ELIZABETH. They are indeed those of wild democracy; and the subject of this satire will, I fear, be never out of time. It is an admirable political satire against a mob-government. In our poetical history, this specimen too is curious, for it will shew that the stanza

in alternate rhimes, usually denominated Elegiac, is adapted to very opposite themes. The solemnity of the versification is impressive, and the satire equally dignified and keen.

The taste of the mere modern Reader had been more gratified by omitting some unequal passages; but, after long deliberation, I found that so short a composition would be injured by dismembering extracts. I have distinguished by Italics the lines to which I desire the Reader's attention, and have added a few Notes, to clear up some passages which might appear obscure.

RYTHMES

AGAINST

MARTIN MARRE-PRELATE[1].

Ordo Sacerdotum fatuo turbatur ab omni,
Labitur et passim Religionis honos.

SINCE Reason, *Martin,* cannot stay thy pen,
We 'il see what rime will do; have at thee then!

A Dizard late skipt out upon our stage,
But in a sacke, that no man might him see;

---

[1] In HERBERT's Typog. Antiq. p. 1689, this tract is intituled, "A Whip for an Ape, or Martin displaied." I have also seen the poem with this title. Readers were then often invited to an old book by a change of title: in some cases I think the same work has been published with several titles.

And though we know not yet the paltrie page,
Himselfe hath *Martin* made his name to bee.
A proper name, and for his feates most fit;
The only thing wherein he hath shew'd wit.

Who knoweth not, that Apes, men *Martins* call [2],
Which beast, this baggage seemes as 't were himselfe:
So as both nature, nurture, name, and all,
Of that 's expressed in this apish elfe.
Which Ile make good to Martin Marre-als face,
In three plaine poynts, and will not bate an ace.

---

[2] *Martin* was a name for a *bird*, and a cant term for an *Ass*; and, as it appears here, an *Ape*. Our *Martins*, considered as birds, were often reminded that their proper food was "hempen seed," which at length choaked them. That it meant an *Ass* appears from "Pappe with a Hatchet." "Be thou Martin the bird or Martin the beast, a bird with the longest bill, or a *beast with the longest ears*, there's a net spread for your neck." Sign. B. 5. There is an old French proverb, quoted by COTGRAVE, voce MARTIN: "*Plus d'un* ASNE *a la foire, a nom* MARTIN."

For, first, *the Ape delights with moppes and mowes,*
And mocketh Prince and Peasants all alike.
This jesting Jacke, that no good manners knowes,
With his Asse-heeles presumes all states to strike.
Whose scoffes so stinking in each nose doth smell,
As all mouthes saie of Dolts he beares the bell.

Sometimes his chappes do walke in poynts too high,
Wherein the Ape himself a Woodcock tries.
Sometimes with floutes he drawes his mouth awrie,
And sweares by his ten bones, and falselie lies.
Wherefore be what he will I do not passe;
He is the paltriest Ape that euer was.

Such fleering, leering, jarring fooles bopeepe,
Such hahas! teehees! weehees! wild colts play;
Such Sohoes! whoopes and hallowes; hold and keepe;
Such rangings, ragings, reuelings, roysters ray;
With so foule mouth, and knaue at euery catch,
'Tis some knaue's nest did surely *Martin* hatch.

Now out he runnes with Cuckowe king of May,
Then in he leapes with a wild Morrice daunce;

Then strikes he up *Dame Lawsen's* [3] lustie lay ;
Then comes Sir *Jeffries* ale-tub, tapp'd by chaunce,
Which makes me gesse, and I can shrewdly smell,
He loues both t' one and t' other passing well.

Then straight, as though he were distracted quite,
He chafeth like a cut-purse layde in warde ;
And rudely railes with all his maine and might,
Against both knights and lords without regard :

---

[3] Martin was a *protegé* of this *Dame Lawson.* There appear to have been few political conspiracies without a woman, whenever Religion forms a part. This dame is thus noticed in the mock Epitaphs on Martin's funeral :

" Away with silk, for I will mourn in sacke ;
Martin is dead, our new sect goes to wrack.
Come, gossips mine, put finger in the eie,
He made us laugh, but now must make us crie."

DAME LAWSON.

" Sir Jeffrie's ale-tub" alludes to two knights, who were ruinously fined, and hardly escaped with life, for their patronage of Martin.

So as *Bridewell* must tame his dronken fits,
And *Bedlem* help to bring him to his wits.

But, *Martin*, why, in matters of such weight,
Doest thou thus *play the dawe, and dauncing foole?*
O Sir (quoth he) *this is a pleasant baite*
For men of sorts, to traine them to my schoole.
Ye noble states, how can you like hereof,
A shamelesse Ape at your sage head should scoffe?

Good Noddie, now leaue scribbling in such matters;
They are no tooles for fooles to tend unto;
Wise men regard not what mad monkies patters!
'Twere trim a beast should teach men what to do.
Now *Tarleton's* dead, the consort lackes a Vice.
For knaue and foole thou maist bear prick and price.

The sacred sect, and perfect pure precise,
Whose cause must be by *Scoggin's* jests mainteinde,
Ye shewe, although that Purple, Apes disguise,
Yet Apes are still, and so must be, disdainde.
For though your Lyons lookes weake eyes escapes,
Your babling bookes bewraies you all for Apes.

The next point is, *Apes use to tosse and teare*
What once their fidling fingers fasten on;
And clime aloft, and cast downe euery where,
And neuer staies till all that stands be gon!
Now whether this in *Martin* be not true,
You wiser heads marke here what doth ensue.

What is it not that *Martin* doth not rent?
Cappes, tippets, gownes, black chiuers, rotchets white;
Communion bookes, and homelies; yea, so bent
To teare, as women's wimples feele his spite.
Thus tearing all, as all apes use to doo,
He teares withall the Church of Christ in two.

Marke now what thinges he meanes to tumble downe,
For to this poynt to look is worth the while,
In one that makes no choice 'twixt cap and crowne,
Cathedrall churches he would fain untile,
And snatch up bishops' lands, and catch away
All gaine of learning for his prouling pray.

And thinke you not he will pull downe at length
As well the top from tower as cocke from steeple;

And when his head hath gotten some more strength,
To play with Prince as now he doth with People:
Yes, he that now saith, Why should Bishops bee?
Will next crie out, *Why Kings? The Saincts are free!*

The Germaine boores with Clergiemen began,
But neuer left till Prince and Peeres were dead.
Jacke Leyden was a holy zealous man,
But ceast not till the Crowne was on his head.
And *Martin's* mate, *Jacke Strawe*, would alwaies ring
The Clergie's faults, but sought to kill the King.

"Oh that," quoth *Martin*, "*chwere* a Nobleman!"[4]
Avaunt, vile villain! 'tis not for such swads.
And of the Counsell, too: marke Princes then:
These roomes are raught at by these lustie lads.
For Apes must climbe, and neuer stay their wit,
Untill on top of highest hilles they sit.

What meane they els, in euerie towne to craue
There Priest and King like Christ himself to be:

---

[4] *Chwere*, i. e. "that I were," alluding to their frequently adopting the corrupt phraseology of the populace, to catch the ears of the mob.

And for one Pope ten thousand Popes to have,
And to controll the highest he or she?
Aske Scotland that, whose King so long they crost,
As he was like his kingdome to haue lost.

Beware ye States and Nobles of this lande,
The Clergie is but one of these men's buttes.
The Ape at last on master's necke will stande:
Then gegge betimes these gaping greedie gutts.
Least that too soone, and then too late ye feele,
He strikes at head that first began with heele.

The third tricke is, *what Apes by flattering waies*
Cannot come by with biting, they will snatch;
Our *Martin* makes no bones, but plainely saies,
Their fists shall walke, they will both bite and scratch.
He'll make their hearts to ake, and will not faile,
Where pen cannot, their penknife shall prevail [5].

---

[5] It is a singular coincidence, that ARNAULD, in his caustic retort on the Jesuits, said, "I do not fear your *pen*, but your *penknife*." The play on the words tells even better in our language than in the original — *plume* and *canif*.

But this is false, he saith he did but mock:
A foole he was, that so his words did scanne.
He only meant with pen their pates to knocke;
A knaue he is, that so turns cat in pan.
But, *Martin*, sweare and stare as deepe as hell,
Thy sprite, thy spite and mischeuous minde doth tell.

The thing that neither Pope with booke nor bull,
Nor Spanish King with ships could doe without,
Our MARTINS *heere at home will worke at full;*
If Prince curbe not betimes that rabble rout.
That is, destroy both Church and State and all;
For if t' one faile, the other needes must fall.

Thou England, then, whom God doth make so glad
Through Gospel's grace and Prince's prudent reigne,
Take heede least thou at last be made as sad,
Through *Martin's* makebates marring, to thy paine.
For he marrs all and maketh nought, nor will,
Saue lies and strife, and works for *England's* ill.

And ye graue men that answere MARTIN'S *mowes,*
He mocks the more, and you in vain loose times.

Leaue Apes to Doggs to baite, their skins to Crowes,
And let old *Lanam* [6] lashe him with his rimes.
The beast is proud when men wey his enditings;
Let his workes goe the waie of all wast writings.

Now, *Martin,* you that say you will spawne out
Your broyling brattes, in euery towne to dwell,
We will prouide in each place for your route,
A bell and whippe that Apes do loue so well.
And if yo skippe, and will not wey the checke,
We 'il haue a springe, and catch you by the necke.

And so adieu, mad *Martin,* marre the land
Leaue off thy worke, and "more work" [7] hearest
thou me:

---

[6] I know of only one *Laneham,* who wrote "A Narrative of the Queen's Visit at Kenilworth Castle, 1575." He was probably a redoubtable Satirist. I do not find his name in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica.*

[7] Alluding to the title of one of their most virulent libels against Bishop Cooper. "More work for a Cooper." COOPER, in his admonition to the

Thy work's nought worth, take better worke in hand.
Thou marr'st thy worke, and thy work will marre thee.
Worke nót anewe, least it doth work thy wracke,
And then make worke for him that worke doth lacke.

---

people of England, had justly observed, that this *Mar-Prelate* ought to have many other names. "The author calleth himself by a famed name, *Martin Mar-Prelate*; a very fit name, undoubtedly; but if this outrageous spirit of boldness be not stopped speedily, I fear he will prove himself to be not only *Mar-Prelate*, but *Mar-Prince*, *Mar-State*, *Mar-Law*, *Mar-Magistrate*, all together, until he bring it to an Equalitie."

I will close this Note with an Extract from "Pappe with a Hatchet," which illustrates the ill effects of all sudden reforms, by an apposite and original image.

"There was an aged man, that lived in a well ordered Commonwealth, by the space of threescore years, and finding, at the length, that by the heate of some men's braines, and the warmness of other men's blood, that newe alterations were in hammering, and that it grewe to such an height, that all

And this I warn thee, Martin's Monckies-face,
Take heed of me; my rime doth charm thee bad.
I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And haue alreadie rimde thee staring mad.
But if thou cease not thy bald jests to spread,
I'le never leave till I have rimde thee dead.

---

the desperate and discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these Mutiners, cried, as loude as his yeeres would allow: — 'Springalls, and vnripened youthes, whose wisedomes are yet in the blade, when this snowe shall be melted (laying his hand on his siluer haires) then shall you find store of dust, *and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the incomming of an vntimely thaw*'."

Sig. D. 3. verso.

APPENDIX.

LITERARY QUARRELS

FROM

PERSONAL MOTIVES.

LITERARY QUARRELS

FROM

PERSONAL MOTIVES.

Anecdote of a BISHOP *and a* DOCTOR — *Dr.* MIDDLETON *and Dr.* BENTLEY — WARBURTON *and Dr.* TAYLOR — WARBURTON *and* EDWARDS — SWIFT *and* DRYDEN — POPE *and* BENTLEY — *Why Fiction is necessary for Satire, according to Lord* ROCHESTER'S *Confession* — ROWE *and* ADDISON — POPE *and* ATTERBURY — *Sir* JOHN HAWKINS *and* GEORGE STEEVENS — *A fierce controversial Author a dangerous Neighbour — A ludicrous instance of a literary Quarrel from personal motives of* BOHUN *and the* WYKEHAMISTS.

LITERARY Quarrels have abundantly sprung from mere personal motives; and Controversies purely literary, sometimes of

magnitude, have broken out, and been voluminously carried on, till the Public are themselves involved in the Contest, while the true origin lies concealed in some sudden squabble; some neglect of petty civility; some unlucky epithet; or some casual observation dropped without much consideration, which mortified or enraged the Author. How greatly has passion prevailed in literary history! How often the most glorious pages in the Chronicles of Literature are tainted with the Secret History which must be placed by their side, so that the origin of many considerable works, which do so much honour to the heads of their Authors, sadly accuse their hearts. But the Heaven of VIRGIL was disturbed with Quarrels —

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"

Æneid.

"Can heavenly minds such high resentment show?" DRYDEN.

And has not a profound Observer of human affairs declared, *Ex privatis odiis respublica crescit?* individual hatreds aggrandize the Republic. This miserable philosophy will satisfy those who are content, from private vices, to derive public benefits. One wishes for a purer morality, and a more noble inspiration.

There is an example in the present day of this kind, eminent for its unhappy success; and this origin of a very remarkable volume may hereafter creep into the Secret History of our Literature. A great Philologer delivered a memorable Sermon, which besides the "*sesquipedalia verba*," was perhaps the longest that ever was heard—if not listened to. A Bishop, who had always played the part of one of the most

wary of Politicians in private life, and who has himself either employed, or explained the French word *Retenue*, which no man better understood, happened, in a singularly unguarded moment, to declare that he did not like "the Doctor's vernacular Sermon." Scarcely ever, through the cool tenour of his polished conversation, had his temper warmed into a sarcasm. The happy epithet was soon conveyed to the classical ear of the modern Grecian: it was a Wasp in it! The Bishop had been in the days of adventure an Author, and an Author to serve his own private aims; he had published some pieces of irony, which were thought more creditable to his wit than his feelings — and his great Patron certain prose and verse — all which they had rejected from their works. But this it is to be an Author! — his errors remain

when he has outlived and corrected them. The mighty and vindictive Grecian in rage collected them all; exhausted his own genius in perpetuating follies; completed the works of two Bishops in utter spite; and has furnished Posterity with a specimen of the force of his "vernacular" style, giving a lesson to the wary Bishop, who had scarcely ever wanted it all his life — of the dangers of an unlucky epithet!

Dr. CONYERS MIDDLETON, the Author of the Life of Cicero, seldom wrote but out of pique; and he probably owed his origin as an Author to a circumstance of this nature. MIDDLETON when young was a *Dilettante* in Music; and Dr. BENTLEY in contempt applied the epithet "fiddling CONYERS." Had the irascible MIDDLETON broken his Violin about the head of the learned Grecian, and thus terminated the

Quarrel, the epithet had then cost BENTLEY's honour much less than it afterwards did. It seems to have excited MIDDLETON to deeper studies, which the great BENTLEY not long after felt, when he published Proposals for an edition of the New Testament in Greek. MIDDLETON published his "Remarks, paragraph by paragraph, upon the Proposals," to shew that BENTLEY had neither talents nor materials proper for the work. This opened a great paper-war, and again our rabid Wolf fastened on the majestic Lion, "paragraph by paragraph." And though the Lion did affect to bear in contempt the fangs of his little active enemy, the flesh was torn. "The Proposals" sunk before "the paragraph by paragraph," and no edition of the Greek Testament by BENTLEY ever appeared. BENTLEY's Proposals at first had met with

the greatest success; the subscription-money amounted to two thousand pounds, and it was known that his Nephew had been employed by him to travel abroad to collect these MSS. He declared he would make use of no MS. that was not a thousand years old, or above, of which sort he had collected twenty, so that they made up a total of twenty thousand years. He was four years studying them before he issued his Proposals. The Doctor rested most on eight Greek MSS. the most recent of which was one thousand years old. All this wore a very imposing appearance. At a touch the whole magnificent Edifice fell to pieces! MIDDLETON says, "His twenty old MSS. shrink at once to eight, and he is forced again to own that even of these eight there are only four which had not been used by Dr. MILL;" and these, MID-

DLETON, by his sarcastic reasoning, at last reduces to "some pieces only of the New Testament in MS." So that twenty MSS. and their twenty thousand years, were battered by the "fiddling CONYERS" into a solitary fragment of little value! BENTLEY returned the subscription-money, and would not publish; the work still lies in its prepared state, and some good judges of its value have expressed a hope to see it yet published. But BENTLEY himself was not untainted in this dishonourable Quarrel: he well knew that MIDDLETON was the Author of this severe attack; but to shew his contempt of the real Author, and desirous, in his turn, of venting his disappointment on a Dr. COLBATCH, he chose to attribute it to him, and fell on COLBATCH with a virulence that made the reply perfectly libellous, if it was BENTLEY's, as was believed.

The irascibility of MIDDLETON, disguising itself in a literary form, was still more manifested by a fact recorded of him by Bishop NEWTON. He had applied to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE for the Mastership of the Charter-house, who honestly informed him that Bishop SHERLOCK with the other Bishops, were against his being chosen. MIDDLETON attributed the origin of this opposition to Bishop SHERLOCK, and wreaked his vengeance by publishing his "Animadversions upon Sherlock's Discourses on Prophecy." The book had been long published, and had passed through successive editions; but MIDDLETON pretended he had never seen them before, and from this time Lambeth-house was a strong provocative for his vindictive temper.

Nor was the other great adversary of MIDDLETON, he who so long affected to

be the Lord Paramount, the Suzerain in the Feudal Empire, rather than the Republic, of Letters—WARBURTON himself, less easily led on to these murderous acts of personal rancour. A pamphlet of the day has preserved an Anecdote of this kind. Dr. TAYLOR, the Chancellor of Lincoln, once threw out in company an opinion derogatory to the scholarship of WARBURTON, who seems to have had always some choice spirits of his legion as Spies in the camp of an enemy, and who sought their Tyrant's grace by their violation of the social compact. The Tyrant himself had an openness, quite in contrast with the dark under-works of his Satellites. He boldly interrogated our Critic, and TAYLOR replied, undauntedly and more poignantly than WARBURTON might have suspected, that "he did not recollect ever *saying* that

Dr. WARBURTON was no scholar, but that indeed he had always *thought* so." To this intrepid spirit the World owes one of the remarkable Prefaces to the Divine Legation — in which the Chancellor of Lincoln, intrepid as he was, stands like a Man of Straw, to be buffeted and tossed about with all those arts of distortion which the wit and virulence of WARBURTON almost every day was practising at his "established places of execution," as his Prefaces and Notes have been wittily termed.

Even WARBURTON himself, who committed so many personal injuries, has, in his turn, most eminently suffered from the same motive. The personal animosity of a most ingenious Man was the real cause of the utter destruction of WARBURTON's critical reputation on Shakespeare. EDWARDS, the Author of the "Canons of

Criticism," when young and in the Army, was a visitor at ALLEN's of Prior-Park, the Patron of WARBURTON; and in those literary conversations which usually occupied their evenings, WARBURTON affected to shew his superiority in his acquaintance with the Greek Writers, never suspecting that a red coat covered more Greek than his own — which happened unluckily to be the case. Once, EDWARDS in the Library, taking down a Greek Author, explained a passage in a manner which did not suit probably with some new theory of the great Inventor of so many; a contest arose, in which EDWARDS discovered how WARBURTON came by his illegitimate knowledge of Greek Authors: EDWARDS attempted to convince him that he really did not understand Greek, and that his knowledge, such as it was, was derived from French Trans-

lations — a provoking act of literary kindness, which took place in the presence of RALPH ALLEN and his Niece, who, though they could not stand as umpires, did as witnesses. An incurable breach took place between the parties; and from this trifling altercation, EDWARDS produced the bitter "Canons of Criticism," and WARBURTON those foaming Notes in the Dunciad.

Such is the implacable nature of literary irascibility! Men, so tenderly alive to intellectual sensibility, find even the lightest touch profoundly enter into the morbid constitution of the literary temper; and even minds of a more robust nature have given proof of a sickly delicacy hanging about them quite unsuspected. SWIFT is a remarkable instance of this kind: the foundation of the character of this great Wit, was his excellent sense. Yet having,

when young, composed one of the wild Pindarics of the time, addressed to the Athenian Society, and DRYDEN judiciously observing that "cousin JONATHAN would never be a Poet," the enraged Wit, after he had reached the maturity of his own admirable judgment, and must have been well aware of the truth of the friendly prediction, could never forgive it. He has indulged the utmost licentiousness of personal rancour; he places DRYDEN by the side of the lowest of Poets; he even puns miserably on his name to degrade him as the *emptiest* of Writers; and for that spirited Translation of VIRGIL which was admired even by POPE, he employs the most grotesque sarcastic images to mark his diminutive genius — for this Version-maker is so lost in VIRGIL, that he is like "the Lady in a Lobster; a Mouse under a canopy of

state; a shriveled Beau within the penthouse of a full-bottomed perriwig." He never was generous enough to contradict his opinion, and persisted to the last.—Some Critic, about SWIFT's own time, astonished at his treatment of DRYDEN, declares he must have been biassed by some prejudice — the Anecdote here recorded, not then probably known, discovers it.

What happened to POPE on the publication of his HOMER shows all the anxious temper of the Author. Being in company with BENTLEY, the Poet was very desirous of obtaining the Doctor's opinion on it, which BENTLEY contrived to parry as well as he could; but in these matters an Author who calculates on a compliment, will risk every thing to obtain it. The question was more plainly put, and the answer was as plainly given. BENTLEY declared that "the

verses were good verses, but the work is not Homer—it is Spondanus!" From this interview Posterity derives from the mortified Poet the full-length figure of "*the slashing* BENTLEY" in the fourth book of the Dunciad;

> "The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
> Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains."

When BENTLEY was told by some officious friend that POPE had abused him, he only replied, "Ay, like enough! I spoke against his Homer, and the *portentous Cub* never forgives!" Part of POPE's severe Criticism only is true; but to give full effect to their severity, Poets always infuse a certain quantity of fiction. This is an artifice absolutely necessary to practise; so I collect from a great Master in the arts of Satire, and who once honestly avowed, that no

satire could be composed, unless it was *personal;* and no personalities would sufficiently adorn a poem, without *lies.* This great Satirist was ROCHESTER. BURNET details a curious conversation between himself and his Lordship, on this subject. The Bishop tells us that "He would often go into the country, and be for some months wholly employed in study, or the sallies of his wit, chiefly directed to Satire. And this he often defended to me, by saying, there were some people that could not be kept in order, or admonished, but in this way." BURNET remonstrated, and ROCHESTER replied—"A man could not write with life, unless he were *heated by revenge;* for to make a satire without resentments, upon the cold notions of Philosophy, was as if a man would, in cold blood, cut men's throats who had never

offended him. And he said, the *lies* in these libels came often in as *ornaments*, that could not be spared without *spoiling the beauty* of the poem." It is useful to know how the materials of Satire are put together; as thus the secret of pulling it to pieces more readily, may sometimes be obtained.

These facts will sufficiently establish this disgraceful principle of the personal motives which have influenced the Quarrels of Authors, and which they have only disguised, by giving them a literary form. Those who are conversant in literary history can tell how many works, and some considerable ones, have entirely sprung out of the vengeance of Authors. JOHNSON, to whom the feelings of the race were so well known, has made a curious observation, which none but an Author could

have made: — "The best advice to Authors would be, That they should keep out of the way of one another." He says this in the Life of ROWE, on the occasion of ADDISON'S Observations on ROWE'S character. ROWE had expressed his happiness to POPE, of ADDISON'S promotion; and POPE, who wished to conciliate ADDISON towards ROWE, mentioned it, adding, that he believed ROWE was sincere. ADDISON replied, "That he did not suspect ROWE feigned; but *the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure;* and it would affect him just in the same manner, as if he heard I was going to be hanged." WARBURTON adds, that POPE said he could not deny but ADDISON understood ROWE well. Such is the fact, on which JOHNSON throws out an admirable observation: "This censure

time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shews, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded, rather than credited. ADDISON can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. *Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of* WIT, *quickened by* ANGER." I could heap up facts to demonstrate this severe truth. Even of POPE's best friends, some of their severities, if they ever reached him, must have given the pain he often inflicted. His friend ATTERBURY, to whom he was so partial, dropped an expression, in the heat of conversation, which POPE could never have forgiven; that our Poet had "a crooked mind in a crooked body." There was a rumour, after POPE's death, that he

had left behind him a satirical Life of Dean Swift. Let Genius, whose faculty detects the foibles of a brother, remember he is a rival, and be a generous one. In that extraordinary morsel of literary history, the Conversations of BEN JONSON with his friend DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, preserving his opinions of his contemporaries, if I err not in my recollection, I believe that he has not spoken favourably of a single individual!

The personal motives of an Author have often influenced his literary conduct to practise meannesses, which no author can be allowed. One remarkable instance of this nature, is that of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, who indeed had been so hardly used by the caustic pleasantries of GEORGE STEEVENS Sir JOHN, in his edition of Johnson, with ingenious malice, contrived to suppress

the acknowledgment made by Johnson to Steevens, of his diligence and sagacity, at the close of his preface to Shakespeare. To preserve the panegyric of STEEVENS, mortified HAWKINS beyond endurance; yet, to suppress it openly, his character as an Editor did not permit. In this dilemma, he pretended he reprinted the Preface from the Edition of 1765; which, as it appeared before Johnson's acquaintance with Steevens, could not contain the tender passage. However, this was unluckily discovered to be only a subterfuge, to get rid of the offensive panegyric. On examination, it proved not true: HAWKINS did not reprint from this early edition, but from the latest, for all the corrections are inserted in his own. "If Sir John were to be tried at Hicks's Hall (long the seat of that Justice's glory), he would be found

guilty of *Clipping*," archly remarks the periodical Critic.

A fierce controversial author may become a dangerous neighbour to another author: a petulant fellow, who does not write, may be a pestilent one; but he who prints a book against us, may disturb our life in endless anxieties. There was once a Dean, who actually teazed to death his Bishop, wore him out in journeys to London, and at length drained all his faculties — by a literary quarrel, from personal motives.

Dr. THOMAS PIERCE, Dean of Sarum, a perpetual controversialist, and to whom it was dangerous to refuse a request, lest it might raise a controversy, wanted a Prebend of Dr. WARD, Bishop of Salisbury — for his son Robert. He was refused; and now, studying revenge, he opened a Con-

troversy with the Bishop, maintaining that the King had the right of bestowing all dignities, in all Cathedrals in the Kingdom, and not the Bishops. This required a Reply from the Bishop, who had been formerly an active controversialist himself. Dean PIERCE renewed his attack with a folio volume, entitled "A Vindication of the King's Sovereign Right," &c. 1683. — Thus it proceeded, and the web thickened around the Bishop, in replies and rejoinders. It cost him many tedious journies to London, through bad roads, fretting at "the King's Sovereign Right" all the way, and, in the words of a witness, "in unseasonable times and weather, that by degrees his spirits were exhausted, his memory quite gone, and he was totally unfitted for business *." Such was the fatal disturbance

* Lansdown MSS. 1042—1316.

occasioned by Dean PIERCE's folio of "the King's Sovereign Right," and his son Bob being left without a Prebend!

I shall close this article with a very ludicrous instance of a literary quarrel from personal motives. This piece of secret history had been certainly lost, had not Bishop LOWTH condescended to preserve it, considering it as necessary to assign a sufficient reason for the extraordinary libel it produced.

BOHUN, an antiquarian lawyer, in a work entitled "The English Lawyer," in 1732, in illustrating the origin of the Act of *Scandalum Magnatum*, which arose in the time of William of Wykeham, the Chancellor and Bishop of Edward III. and the founder of New College, in Oxford, took that opportunity of committing the very crime on the venerable manes of

Wykeham himself. He has painted this great man in the darkest colours. Wykeham is charged with having introduced "Alice Piers, his niece or, &c." for the truth is, he was uncertain who she was, to use his peculiar language, "into the King's bosom;" to have joined her in excluding the Black Prince from all power in the State; and he hints at this Hero having been poisoned by them; of Wykeham's embezzling a million of the public money, and, when chancellor, of forging an Act of Parliament to indemnify himself, and thus passing his own pardon. It is a singularity in this libellous romance, that the contrary of all this only is true. But BOHUN has so artfully interwoven his historical patches of misrepresentations, surmises, and fictions, that he succeeded in framing an historical libel.

Not satisfied with this vile tissue, in his

own obscure Volume, seven years afterwards, being the Editor of a Work of high reputation, Nathaniel Bacon's "Historical and Political Discourse of the Laws and Government of England," he further satiated his phrenzy, by contriving to preserve his libel in a Work which he was aware would outlive his own.

Whence all this persevering malignity? Why this quarrel of Mr. BOHUN, of the Middle Temple, with the long-departed William of Wykeham?

"What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

He took all these obscure pains, and was moved with this perpetual rancour against William of Wykeham, merely to mortify the Wykehamists; and slandered their Founder, with the idea that the odium might be reflected on New College. BOHUN, it seems, had a quarrel with them con-

cerning a lease, on which he had advanced money; but the holder had contrived to assign it to the well-known EUSTACE BUDGELL: the College confirmed the assignment. At an interview, before the Warden, high words had arisen between the parties: the Warden withdrew; and the Wit gradually shoved the Antiquary off the end of the bench on which they were sitting: a blow was struck, and a cane broken. BOHUN brought an action, and the Wykehamites travelled down to give bail at Westminster Hall, where the legal quarrel was dropped, and the literary one then began. Who could have imagined that the venerable Bishop and Chancellor of Edward III. was to be involved in a wretched squabble, about a lease, with an Antiquary and a Wit? "Fancying (says Bishop Lowth) he could inflict on the

Society of New College a blow, which would affect them more sensibly, by wounding the reputation of their Founder, he set himself to collect every thing he could meet with, that was capable of being represented to his discredit, and to improve it with new and horrible calumnies of his own invention." Thus originated this defamatory attack on the character of William of Wykeham! And by arts, which active writers may practise, and innocent readers cannot easily suspect, a Work of the highest reputation, like that of NATHANIEL BACON'S, may be converted into a vehicle of personal malignity; while the author himself disguises his real purpose under the specious appearance of Literature! The present case, it must be acknowledged, is peculiar, where a dead person was attacked with a spirit of rancour, to which

the living only appear subject; but the Author was an Antiquary, who lived as much with the dead as the living: his personal motive was the same as those already recorded, and here he was acting with a double force, on the dead and the living!

This Chapter is not honourable to AUTHORS;—but Historians are only Lord Chief Justices, who must execute the Laws, even on their intimate friends, when standing at the bar. The Chapter is not honourable—but it may be useful; and that is a quality not less valuable to the public. It lets in their Readers to a kind of knowledge, which opens a necessary comment on certain works, and enlarges our comprehension of their spirit.

If in the heat of controversy AUTHORS imprudently attack each other with perso-

nalities, they are only scattering mud, and hurling stones, and will incur the ridicule or the contempt of those who, unfriendly to the Literary Character, feel a secret pleasure in its degradation: but let them learn, that to open a literary controversy, from mere personal motives; thus to conceal the dagger of private hatred under the mantle of Literature; is an expedient of short duration, for the secret history is handed down with the book; and when once the dignity of the Author's character sinks, in the meanness of his motives, powerful as the work may be, even Genius finds its lustre diminished, and Truth itself becomes suspicious.

INDEX

TO

PERSONS TREATED OF, OR ALLUDED TO,

IN

VOL. III.

Addison, 303, 304
Aleyne, 257
Allen, Ralph, 296, 297
Anstis, 179, 198
Arnauld, M. 278
Ascham, 55
Atterbury, Bp. 53, 56, 304
Aubrey, 29, 32, 33, 43, 54, 70, 75, 76, 92, 127, 134
Bacon, Lord, 18, 112
Bacon, Nathaniel, 311, 313
Baker, Thomas, 252
Baron, R. 127
Barrow, Henry, 226, 227, 254
Baxter, Richard, 33, 74, 112
Bayle, 29, 31, 32, 52
Bentley, Dr. 291—292, 299, 300
Blaew, 91
Blount, 5.
Bohun, Lawyer, 109—114
Bolingbroke, Lord, 29, 30
Boyle, Robert, 101, 111
Bramhall, Bp. 44, 49
Bridges, Dean of Sarum, 242
Brooke and Camden, 171—200
Brown (Founder of the *Brownists)*, 254
Brydges, Sir Egerton, 130
Budgell, Eustace, 312
Burgundy, Bastard of, 147
Burleigh, Cecil, Earl of, 254
Burnet, Bp. 21, 22, 301
Butler *(Hudibras)*, 81
Calvin, 39, 207, 208
Camden and Brooke, 171—200
Camden, 126, 130
Campbell, Dr. John, 91, 100
Cartwright, Thomas, 217—231, 253, 254, 262
Charles I. 115
Charles II. 20, 24—26, 42, 43, 59, 76, 78
Chester, Charles, 134
Chesterfield, Lord, 65
Clarendon, Lord, 8—10, 18, 24, 56, 62

Cliffe the Cobler, 255
Colbatch, Dr. 292
Collins, 29
Cooper, Bp. of Lincoln, 239, 240, 280
Corbet, Bp. 128
Cosins, Bp. of Durham, 35
Cotgrave, 272
Cowley, 78
Cowper, Painter, 70
Cromwell, Oliver, 20, 25, 27, 28, 63, 114
Cromwell, Richard, 26

Davies, Tom, 44
DECKER AND JONSON, 123—167
Denmark, King of, 130
Derby, Earl of, 249
Descartes, 112
Devonshire, Earl of, 51, 65
Devonshire, Countess of, 63
D'Ewes, Sir Simon, 225
Dodd *(Church History)*, 205
Dorislaus, Dr. 55
Douce, Mr. 166
Drummond of Hawthornden, 125, 126, 305
Dryden, 132, 133, 287, 298
Dugdale, 185

Eachard, 12, 43, 44, 56
Edward III. 309, 310
Edward the Black Prince, 310
Edwards *(Canons of Criticism)*, 295, 297
Elizabeth, Queen, 204—207, 209, 212, 223, 228, 261, 266, 267

Faithorne, Engraver, 71
Fell, Bp. 47, 48, 50
Field, John, 252
Filmer, Sir Robert, 45, 46
Fuller, Dr. *(Church History)*, 214, 254

Galileo, 112
Gassendi, 35, 81, 112
Gifford, Mr. 129
Gilchrist, Mr. 133, 134
Godolphin, Francis, 62
Gordon *(Tacitus)*, 30
Grenville, Dr. 33, 35, 37

Hacket, William, 254
Harrington *(Oceana)*, 42, 44
Hawkins, Sir John, 305, 306
Helvetius, 65, 66
Henry VIII. 40
Heylin, 215, 216, 267
Hickeringill, 5.
HOBBES AND HIS QUARRELS, &c. 3—85
HOBBES AND DR. WALLIS, 89—119
Hobbes, 220
Hogarth, 68
Hollis, Thomas, 94
Howel, 134
Hume, 66, 79

James I. 130
James VI. of Scotland, 267
Jeffries, Judge, 260, 261
Johnson, Dr. 132, 302—304, 306
Joly, 35, 37, 60
Jones, Inigo, 134
JONSON AND DECKER, 123—167
Jonson, 305

Knox, Reformer, 207

Lanebam, 280
Langbaine, 133
Lawson, Dame, 255, 274
Leicester, Earl of, 226
Leland, Antiquary, 178, 183
L'Estrange, Sir Roger, 5

Leyden, Jack, 277
Locke, 81, 82
Loggan, engraver, 70
Lowth, Bp. 309, 312, 313
Luther, 39

Machiavel, 65, 83
M'Mahon, T. O'Brien, 66, 68
Maddox, Dr. 224
Mandeville, 65, 66
Marlow, Poet, 131
Marston, 132, 133, 150
Marvell, 5
Maunsell, Andrew, 210, 211
Mersenne, Father, 34—36
Middleton, Dr. Conyers, 289—293
Milton, 39, 40
More, Dr. Henry, 236

Neale, 215, 224, 261, 268
Newman the Cobler, 255, 256
Newton, Bp. 293

Oldys, 127, 128
Oldisworth, 129

Patin, Guy, 34
Paul, Sir George, 217, 225, 229, 236
Pembroke, Philip Earl of, 129
Penry, John, 252, 258—262
Pierce, Dean of Sarum, 307—309
Piers, Alice, 310
Pike, 112
Pocklington, Dr. 58
Pope, 118, 298—300, 303, 304
Puffendorff, 81

Raleigh, Sir W. 129, 130, 134, 225
Raleigh, Junior, 129, 130
Rembrandt, 68
Ritson, 199
Rivers, Woodville Earl, 148
Rochefoucault, 65
Rochester, Earl of, 8, 301
Rochester, Bp. of, 264
Rowe, 303

Selden, 33, 74, 208
Settle, 132
Shaftesbury, Lord, 5, 8, 66, 68
Shenstone, 239
Sherlock, Bp. 293
Sidney, Algernon, 259, 260, 266
Sorbiere, 42, 66, 71
Spinosa, 33
Stael, Madame de, 11, 38
Steevens, George, 305, 306
Sterne, 66
Straw, Jack, 277
Stubbe, Henry, 39, 94
Sutcliffe, Dr. 229—231, 252
Sutton, 134, 135
Swift, 43, 65, 297—299, 305

Taylor *(Demosthenes)*, 294, 295
Tenison, 118
Throckmorton, Job, 240, 252
Tindal, 29
Travers, 221, 262
Trenchard, 30

Udall, John, 252, 253, 258, 263—268. His Son, 268

Walker *(Sufferings of Clergy)*, 268
Waller, 54
Wallis, Dr. 27, 28, 47, 63
Wallis and Hobbes, 89—119
Walpole, Sir Robert, 293
Walsingham, Sir Francis, 224
Walton, Isaac, 129

Warburton, 29, 75, 222, 303
Ward, Bp. Seth, 54, 96, 112, 307, 308
Warner *(Albion's England)*, 213
Warton, Dr. 157
Warton, Thomas, 199
White, a Catholic Priest, 74
Whitgift, 227, 228, 242
William of Wykeham, 309—313
Wolfius, 39
Wood, Anthony, 10, 47, 48, 58, 59, 74, 75, 77, 96
Woolston, 6

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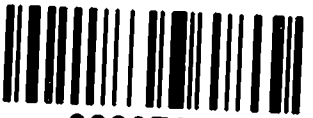
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